4-1938

The Cresset (Vol. 1, No. 6)

International Walther League

APRIL 1938

THE CRESSET

Are We Missing the Parade?
O. W. LINNEMEIER

Hamlet versus Paul
WILLIAM A. DREWS

The St. Matthew Passion
WALTER A. HANSEN

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 1 NO. 6

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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Volume 1 APRIL, 1938 Number 6

In This Issue:

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the International Walther League. Publication Office, 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin. Editorial and subscription office 6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Application has been made for entry as second class matter at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin. Subscriptions for United States and possessions, $2.00 per year, elsewhere, $2.50 per year.

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

The Insanity of Criminals—The Minimum for Health and Decency—Tinted Smoke—The Mighty Comma—Steel and Iron—Religion in the U.S.S.R.

Who Is Insane?

A PLEA of insanity, as is well known, is the last refuge of criminals, and strange are the results that sometimes follow such a plea. A recent case in Chicago caused considerable discussion. In 1933 a man was indicted for four robberies. He was suspected of having committed about forty. On examination by Dr. Harry R. Hoffman of the Chicago Behavior Clinic, he was found insane and was committed to an institution. In 1936 he was re-examined by Dr. Hoffman and was declared sane. His release followed, and it seems that he promptly resumed his criminal career. Though he was suspected of more than a hundred crimes, the police were only recently able to secure enough evidence to bring him into court again on another charge of robbery. He took this quite cheerfully and remarked, "I'm a smart guy. I have good people behind me." Evidently he felt that his "insanity" would stand him in good stead again. Three other prominent psychiatrists were asked to comment on Dr. Hoffman's diagnoses in this case. One flatly declared that the man either was not insane in the first place or remained so throughout. The other two said, more guardedly, that it would be very unusual for a man to recover from the condition that was supposed to obtain (traumatic psychosis).

When the question of sanity is raised in criminal law, the point at issue is whether the person concerned is able to distinguish between right and wrong. To determine that is by no means a simple matter. Extreme, well-defined cases of abnormality offer no difficulty. But it is otherwise with border-line cases, where a little

less or a little more is decisive. Here there are no conclusive tests, and the judgments that are rendered are personal opinions and nothing more. Such opinions sometimes turn out to have been badly in error, and then the public becomes exasperated and wonders what is the matter with the alienists. Probably it would best serve the interests of all that are concerned. if alienists would more often admit the limitations of their knowledge and if, on occasion, they would frankly and truthfully say, "I don't know."

The Minimum for Health and Decency

SELDEN C. MENEFEE, writing in *The Survey,* tells us that some tens of thousands of Americans, asked by the American Institute of Public Opinion how much income per week a family of four needs merely to live decently, gave as their median reply $30 a week, or $1,560 a year.

In the South they said $25 a week would be enough, but on the Pacific Coast the estimate was $35. A supplementary estimate of a "health and comfort" yearly budget showed an average of $1,950 considered necessary.

The U. S. Department of Labor agrees quite closely with this poll. According to its estimates, approximately $1,200 a year for a family is necessary for "subsistence," and $2,000 for "minimum health and decency."

Our old ideas of the American living standard are knocked into a cocked hat when we realize that in 1929, forty-two per cent of our population had an annual family income under $1,500, and seventy-seven per cent under $2,000. In 1932, these figures had changed to fifty-nine per cent and eighty-eight per cent respectively. Nine out of ten did not have the minimum for "health and decency."

The Brookings Institution says that nearly six million families, or one-fifth of the national total, earned less than $1,000 even in 1929. According to the Cleveland Trust Company, the bottom twenty per cent of our population drew only 4.3 per cent of the nation's income in 1929.

So far Mr. Menefee. The figures he quotes are extremely startling. They explain in a large measure the spirit of economic unrest prevailing in the land and the anxious, but somewhat undirected efforts of the government to bring order into our social and economic chaos. It remains to be seen whether any regulative measures applied to our present social set-up by the political forces in power will be able to bring about a more equitable distribution of the great wealth of our nation. Its concentration in the hands of a few is fraught with hazardous possibilities. The millions in the lower economic brackets are entitled to the minimum for "health and decency," and they are bound to

get tired of the political jockeying of the leaders who are presumably seeking to adjust the difficulties that are disrupting human society. The day must come when the selfish interests of the few must give way to the welfare of the many.

What Next?

TO TINTED finger-nails and toe-nails now comes tinted smoke! From Memphis, Tennessee we have the report of an invention that is to bring new pleasure to women smokers. The inventor plans to provide cigarettes that will "give off smoke of varied colors according to the fancy of the ladies or as fashion may dictate." The inventor, Mr. Otto L. Miller, has received a patent from the United States Patent Office for a process of treating cigarettes so that the smoke from them will have different hues. Mr. Miller optimistically has this to say for his idea: "There are many applications, particularly from the social standpoint, in the use of the invention; for example, a type of cigarette made in accordance with the present invention can be employed to produce a smoke which matches the color of the ladies' gowns or any other article of wear, jewelry, or other surroundings, depending on the will or whim of the smoker." We suggest (gratis) to Mr. Miller that he make his invention complete by making it possible for milady to have her cigarette smoke perfumed to match her favorite scent, and that for gentlemen he produce a smoke to match the conventional black of their evening dress.

Is Prohibition Dead?

WE SOMETIMES wonder. Certainly Carrie Nation, who used to strike terror into the hearts of saloon-keepers with her famous ax, with which she demolished the furnishings in their taverns, and the "temperance sisters" of a century ago, who visited saloons in order to sing temperance songs to convert the drinkers present, would hardly approve of the use which a Missouri preacher has made of a saloon, as described in the following news item:

"When the good people of Marquand, Missouri, including the clergy, turned down Rev. Noel Bremner's desire for a revival meeting, he felt chagrined but not defeated. He felt the call and so visited a tavern keeper with his problem. There he found sympathy.

"The publican offered him the free use of his tavern for evangelical purposes for 30 minutes nightly. So, at 7:30 each evening all tavern trade is halted for half an hour while Rev. Bremner denounces sin and its satanic personifications. Whether he eases up on 'demon rum' hasn't been stated, but, as news of the revival spread, the 'church' is packed each night. Promptly at 8 o'clock the last hymn is sung, the tavern comes into

its own again, and dispensing of beverages is resumed."

On the other hand, the increasing number of complaints against the manner in which saloons and taverns are conducted, and the freedom with which young boys and girls may obtain liquor, to say nothing of the automobile accidents due to drunken drivers, all these lend color to the prophecy that Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, author of the Eighteenth Amendment, uttered some time ago in these words:

"It is my conviction that the American people will not tolerate this evil much longer and that we shall be called upon as federal lawmakers once again to enact national legislation to eradicate the greatest social menace in the history of civilization—the traffic in beverage alcohol, a traffic that expends millions to keep the alcoholic lure alive."

The Mighty Comma

A CONTEMPORARY magazine once more directs attention to the comma and its importance in exact writing. We are reminded that Oscar Wilde once gave himself credit for having done a hard day's work because "This morning I put in a comma, and this afternoon I took it out again"—an exaggeration which only lends emphasis to the significance of this little punctuation mark. There was a time, not so long ago, when it was customary to "sprinkle commas as freely as an April shower; the result, though, perhaps, well-meaning, could be, and, often, was, irritating in the extreme." Today it seems to be the vogue in some circles to forget the comma altogether, or at least to use it so sparingly or haphazardly that one frequently has to re-read a sentence or paragraph in order to understand it correctly. How costly a misplaced comma may become was shown in the French Senate recently, "where it was argued that the insertion of one that was not intended in the text of the Wheat Bill might well cost French farmers £3,000,000." Although for the average man, and even the average writer, the wrong placing of a comma may not turn out to be a costly error figured in dollars and cents, it remains true that for exact writing, whether it be in a business or social letter, a legal document, or an editorial, the comma has formidable power.

All of which reminds us of the part which a comma played in one of the greatest controversies that shook the Catholic Church in modern times. Dr. Michael Baius, the leading theologian at the ancient and famous University of Louvain, had undertaken the task of refuting the Calvinistic heresies by means of a fundamenally scientific thesis. He accordingly made an exhaustive study of the early fathers, in order to strengthen in the most effective manner the Catholic view of the freedom of the will. But good Father Baius was rather too scientific, for he studied the fathers, and more particularly Augustine, so long

that, without being aware of it himself, his views gradually changed until they were Calvinistic rather than Catholic. Instead of defending free will, as he had intended at the beginning, he ended by proclaiming predestination and the lack of freedom of the will. Immediately upon the publication of the Louvain professor's book, in 1567, the Pope issued a formal bull of condemnation. The University was greatly excited by the slur cast upon an honored colleague, and the document received from Rome was given close study indeed. Soon one of the professors made a saving discovery. One of the most vital clauses in the bull was, in the absence of a comma, quite ambiguous, the meaning differing according to the position of this comma. In the first case, it could be taken as implying that the views in question were open to discussion; in the second, they were to be regarded as heretical. A great discussion then arose over this comma, to which the whole university listened with bated breath. One of the greatest problems in philosophy and religion, the question whether man's will is free or not, turned on a comma in the papal bull. The Louvain Faculty now communicated with Rome and asked with all due reverence to be informed of the position in which the Holy Father desired the comma to be inserted. The Pope's answer was—a copy of the bull containing not a single comma. And so the controversy among Roman theologians regarding the free will of man, which has not subsided to the present day, is traceable to the omission of a comma in the Pope's Bull of 1567.

Steel and Iron

HERE we are again, exactly where we were in 1916, face to face with the vexing problem of national defense.

Since the signing of the Armistice, most of us have given little or no thought to this traditional American problem. The world had been made safe for Democracy by the sacrifice of 126,000 American lives and 40,000,000,000 American dollars, and we felt the better for it. In calm and undisturbed repose we basked in the pleasant sunshine of post-war prosperity and refused to think of war or the instruments of war. Then came the great stock-market crash of 1929, followed by years of business depression and domestic and personal troubles of every description. This kept us so busy that we had neither time nor inclination to bother about the bad boys on the other side of the water or to think of getting into a fight with them. We were very definitely out of the armament race.

And now, all of a sudden, we are back on the same old subject again, arguing about national defense. Why?

First of all, of course, because of the alarming conditions in Europe

and the Far East. Spain is still rent asunder by one of the most cruel civil wars in modern history, and some of its good neighbors are doing everything in their power to make it as gory as possible. In Rome Mussolini struts about like the incarnation of Mars, growls and glowers at every one who crosses his path, and dramatically rattles his saber. Hitler, perched on his pedestal in the Reichstag like a little god, shouts defiance at all the world and threatens to let steel and iron speak for him in the future. Japan and China are at each other's throats and swear that they will fight to the finish. Great Britain is a house divided against itself, and no one knows what the future may hold in store for it. The old lion is beginning to look rather decrepit and often purrs like a common house-cat when confronted with a black or a brown shirt. Indeed, things have come to a sorry pass beyond the seas, and a war of major proportions seems inevitable. As a result, there is, as President Roosevelt says, "a piling up of additional land and sea armaments in other countries, in such a manner as to involve a threat to world peace and security." This threat is disturbing our national equanimity. All of us are worried. Some are afraid.

The other reason for the present emphasis upon an adequate national defense is the traditional American fear of treaty entanglements and defensive alliances. The United States Government, and President Roosevelt in particular, is opposed to any agreements which might compel us to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for other nations. We got our fill of that during the last war. But if we are not willing to come to the aid of other nations when they are in trouble, we cannot expect them to help us either. Hence we must take care of ourselves. By common arithmetic, this means that we must increase and strengthen our armaments of land and sea, especially on the sea. Accordingly, Congress is again wrestling with the problem of an adequate national defense, and army and navy experts are working day and night to elaborate plans and to submit the necessary specifications and estimates.

Of course, there is much bitter opposition to the whole movement, not only among the people, but also in Congress itself. And there are many good reasons for it. Only yesterday the country was stunned by a statement by Rear Admiral William G. DuBose in which the cost of a commensurate naval expansion program for the Atlantic and the Pacific was placed at $3,200,000,000. Every one is convinced that the people of the United States are not in position to assume the additional tax burdens which such an abnormal armament program would necessitate. Our tax load is far too heavy already. Moreover it is argued, and not without good reasons, that the entry of the United States in the armament race would generate suspicion and fear in the minds of other nations, that it

would prompt them to speed up their defense programs even more, and that, in the long run, it would contribute to the outbreak of war rather than to the maintenance of peace. Others point out that an army and a navy maintained at a normal peacetime strength would help to keep the administration in check in its dealings with other nations, while a powerful navy, backed by large and efficient land forces, might make it overbearing and reckless. Finally, many cannot rid themselves of the idea that our millionaire munitions makers have more to do with the proposed program of national defense than the officials of the government are willing to admit.

We would be the last to deny that there is much truth in the arguments advanced by the various groups and individuals who are fighting the President's armament program. Yet common sense demands the conclusion that under the present circumstances some drastic action must be taken.

The United States is no longer a Shangri-La, far removed from the scenes of world conflicts and utterly unaffected by them. The strict isolationist policy is ideal to be sure, but in the twentieth century it is no longer practicable. Our national welfare, our very destiny, is too intimately bound up with the weal and woe of the great nations beyond the seas. In the event of a war of major proportions extended over a longer period, we could hardly remain permanently neutral.

In addition, we would be living in a fool's paradise if we should continue to believe that our geographic isolation could permanently guarantee our shores against effective attacks by hostile powers. In view of the astounding progress of modern inventions such a complacent attitude is no longer safe nor in accordance with sound judgment.

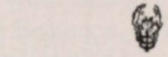
Hence there seems to be no way out of it. The United States must prepare to defend itself against every aggressor. We must have an adequate navy. We must build up a strong and efficient army. We must give ample attention to our air forces. But—and this is of supreme importance—only for defensive purposes. Beyond that we dare never go, for that would be un-American, disastrous, and definitely criminal.

Religion in the U.S.S.R.

IT BECOMES evident from recent press reports from Moscow that a new drive against religion has been instituted in the Soviet Union to prevent any possible influence which the Church or the clergy might exert on the more susceptible voters in the first elections under the so-called Stalin constitution. They were conducted on December 12. In the preelection news the accusation is made that the clergy is conducting an insidious campaign for the revival of the sorely oppressed Church, and that

they are seeking the election of friendly deputies in the local Soviets and in the chambers of the new Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. In the new fight against religion the assistance of the Trade Unions is being particularly enlisted. The Trade Unions' newspaper, "Trud", reëmphasizes its old purpose "to expose the counter-revolutionary machinations of the clergy and believers." The clergy of Russia, whether they are Evangelical pastors, Orthodox or Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis, or Mohammedan mullahs, are openly called parasites by the official organs of the Soviet government and the Communist party, and are designated as actual or potential enemies of the present régime. Although the Trade Unions have been enlisted in this new campaign against the Church, it seems that the new anti-religious drive is aimed most particularly against the Church's influence among the peasants, where religious expression seems to be most difficult to suppress.

Recent developments seem to point to a determined revival of religion in Russia in spite of the most violent suppressions on the part of the government. At one time the Militant Godless League numbered five million members, while at present it has a membership of only two million. Perhaps it was too much to hope that there might be a lull in the fierceness of religious persecution in Russia. For a time it seemed as though the forces of religious hatred had at least in a measure spent themselves and that the arm that wielded the sword of persecution had become weary, but, after all, Marxism and religion are totally incompatible. The two cannot exist side by side.



"Die ich rief, die Geister . . ."

IT IS some time since the little, bearded Ethiopian king was deprived of his throne and exiled, but the war between the Ethiopians and Italy is still going on and will, according to present indications, continue to do so. Furthermore, the situation is proving to be more and more a thorn in Italy's flesh. It is one thing to remove a king and another to pacify a freedom-loving people. And the matter of establishing Italian colonists in Ethiopia is becoming exceedingly costly to the Italian government.

Whether or not the report is true that 6,000 Italians and Italian-trained askaris had been killed by Ethiopians within a period of two months, the Italians themselves admit that the guerilla warfare that is constantly going on is becoming an irritating and expensive headache. Mussolini's own military organ, *Armed Forces*, gives another side of the picture by stating that the railroad to Addis Ababa can be kept open only by means of regular air-patrol and that to maintain peace in the country 6,834 bombs had to be dropped in a single area within a period of three months.

The Church's Duty

DR. CHARLES J. TURCK, Secretary of the Board of Christian Education, Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., preaching on January 10, in New York, outlined what he considered the five fundamental duties of the church if it is to minister effectively to all the needs of mankind.

"The first and foremost duty of the church is to help lift the curse of war," he said. "Secondly, in industrial relations, it should try to bring about justice and fellowship. The third duty is in the matter of race relationships—to rid the world of the horrors of racial discrimination. Fourthly, the church should do its utmost to coöperate with the schools, Y.M.C.A.'s and other character-building organizations in the community. Lastly, it should actively combat all anti-social businesses."

In this ambitious program there is not even a remote reference to the great and all-embracing duty with which Jesus Christ commissioned the church, namely to evangelize the world. The one prime duty of the church is to bring men into a right relationship with God. Unless this be done the church will make little impression against the social, political and economic evils that Dr. Turck has in mind. After all, the ills that afflict mankind lie deeper than the surface manifestations mentioned in Dr. Turck's program. We shall never be able to check the powers of darkness unless the individuals that make up human society are brought under the curative influence of the Spirit of God in the Gospel. A goodly portion of the Christian church appears to have lost sight of the distinctive place in the world that the Founder of the church assigned to it. Its greatest influence on human affairs will be exerted when it humbly returns to its original task and to the unafraid proclamation of the basic truths revealed in Holy Writ. The church has become so busy in looking for palliatives for symptoms that it has forgotten to treat humanity's disease.

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Litany for Good Friday—1938

LORD, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
God the Father in heaven
Have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of the world
Have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost
Have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, one God
Have mercy on us.

By Thy Suffering and Death—
By the hurt of Judas' treachery
By the pain of Peter's denial
By the sweat of blood
By the agony of soul
By the robe of purple and the crown of thorn
By the bite of the whip and the lash of the scourge
By the Way of the Cross
By the nails and thirst
By the blood that stained the Holy Rood
By the travail of Thy soul
By the riven vine and the trodden winepress
By Thy expiring cry
By Thy triumph in death
O dying Redeemer, hear us.

From hardness of heart and darkness of soul—
From coldness of mind
From trampling Thy blood on the way of sin
From driving the nails again
From crucifying Thee anew
From forgetfulness of Thy great sorrow
From the loneliness of life without Thee
From greed and ambition
From the lust of the eye and the pride of life
From the burden of remembered sin
From the cunning of men
From the confusion of ignorance
From hate
From a jealous heart
From the last sin of unbelief
O living Redeemer, deliver us.

For the heart of man today, afraid—

For the sick of body to ease their pain
For the sick of mind to lighten their gloom
For the sick of soul to bring them forgiveness
For them who weep alone
For Thy Life in every broken heart
For the soul that knows not Thee
For all who make known Thy way upon earth
For all who love Thy Holy Name
For all Thy Church in all the world—
Thou King of Principalities and Powers, of Thrones and Dominions
Thou Lord of Cherubim and Seraphim, of angels and archangels
Thou Prince of Peace and Glory, of Kingdoms and Empires
O dying and living Redeemer, hear us.

Nostalgia

THIS month the remainder of this column is being written far away from books—on trains and ferries, in railroad stations and bus stops, beside mountains and rivers. . . . This ought to please several readers who have complained that the Pilgrim cannot see life because of his lamp. . . . All right. . . . I am now beside a lamppost on the edge of a little town in Western Oregon—and the pencil moves in obedience to the rhythm of life in an American village at late dusk. . . . Everyone who is compelled by time and circumstance to live in the monstrous cities our age has built must feel at times a nostalgia for the small town at twilight. . . . The shadowed succession of dusk and dawn—the wind from the hills as night comes down and the stars burn cold—the lights in the little church for choir practice—the belated boy running home for supper in the house across the road—the barking of a dog—the moan of wind in pines—the water tower black against the drifting stars—all the strange world that lies between twilight and darkness, and the night whispering of simple, honest things—of faith and hope and peace and rest. . . . In it is man's compass and his joy and grief. . . . It may be that here lives are lived in ignorance of the heights of possible human experience, but surely there is less shame and degradation here. . . . In a few moments shadows will dance on the dust of the road and moonlight will dream on the roofs of little houses. . . . Like the tolling of the Compline bell I hear the simple lines of Monk Gibbon:

> These going home at dusk
> Along the lane
> After the day's warm work
> Do not complain.
>
> Were you to say to them
> "What does it mean?
> What is it all about
> This troubled dream?"
>
> They would not understand
> They'd go their way
> Or if they spoke at all
> They'd surely say:

"Dawn is the time to rise
Days are to earn
Bread and the midday rests
Dusk to return,

To be content, to pray
To hear songs sung
Or to make wayside love
If one is young

All from the good God comes
All then is good
Sorrow is known to him
And understood."

One who had questioned all
And was not wise
Might be ashamed to meet
Their quiet eyes.

All is so clear to them
All is so plain:
Those who go home at dusk
Along the lane.

Farewell to Hallelujah

SHROVE Tuesday. . . . At Vespers today—or at the services last Sunday—the church sang the last Hallelujah and Lent began. . . . From time immemorial the Hallelujah has been omitted from the services of the church during the season dedicated to the remembrance of the Passion of our Lord. . . . The last Hallelujah dies away in chapel and cathedral and while the echo still lingers among the rafters, the violet paraments of sorrow are placed upon the altar. . . . It will be Easter morning before the Hallelujah is heard again. . . .

There is wisdom in this. . . . It is another and profound difference between the Church and the world. . . . The world never willingly abandons joy. . . . Her votaries hang on to happiness with all the strength they have —until, inevitably, it is taken away from them. . . . They have forgotten that the line of life must sometimes go down into the darkness of sorrow. . . . It is never easy, but it is a great deal better to go down willingly than to be driven down like a slave. . . . To give up joy by the strength of Him Who gave up heaven is a part of the way by which joy and heaven will return. . . . Easter can come only to the heart that has known Lent. . . .

The shadow which clings to all earthly good when it is seen in the light of faith is inevitable. . . . Because of this the Christian view of life *appears* so much darker than the pagan—checkered with a darkness the more intense the brighter the light of faith shines upon it. . . . But the farewell to Hallelujah, though necessary, is only temporary. . . . It springs from the strong compulsions of the dust from which we came and the stronger compulsions of the everlasting mercy which lifted us from that dust. . . . When all is said and done, Christianity is a religion of deeper gladness just because it is a religion of deeper fear and greater sorrow. . . . The Cross remains the world climax of divine and human sorrow, ineffably distant and ineffably close, the sorrow of sin and the pain of man's long and lonely separation from God. . . .

So it is good that our Hallelujahs are silent for a little time. . . In their stead appear the crown of thorns, the drops of blood, the way of mourning, the five wounds, and the sound of our hands driving nails. . . . And on Easter Morn our returning Hallelujahs will say that our Lord arose and ascended into Heaven, that He is now the King of Glory, Who has given us a share in both His suffering and His victory, in His passion and His power, in His former pain and His present peace.

★ ★ ★

Lenten Meditation

Beneath this cross emblazoned with the Holy Name
My soul comes face to face with its forgotten shame.
  Mine too was the black cry
  That day: "Crucify! Crucify!"
  My hand first to the whips
  And loudest scorn on my lips.
Oh, Christ, remove my blame
And consecrate me to Your name!
"Forgive them for they know not what they do."
This is my solace and my pardon, too.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The March of Time—is it going forward and upward—or backward and downward?

Are We MISSING the PARADE?

By O. W. LINNEMEIER

SOME five years ago we happened into Deadwood, South Dakota, just as that famous town was putting on one of its annual "Spirit of '76" celebrations. We gave the children fifty cents apiece and turned them loose with instructions to drink in the spirit of the occasion as long as their money lasted.

One of the features of that celebration was a long parade of cowboys, stage coaches, miniature trains, etc. After the show was over and our flock gathered together, I suggested that the parade was really something worth seeing. All the children agreed but one, a lad of ten. To our amazement he told us that he had not seen the parade. Further questioning revealed the fact that a cowboy had thrown a lasso about him as he was standing by the road, and that after the cowboy had drawn him toward the horse for the purpose of releasing the lasso, the boy had begged the cowboy to pull him up on his horse so that he could ride in the parade with him. The cowboy obliged the lad, and so, when he said: "I did not see the parade, because I was in it," he spoke the truth.

Our age is putting on one of the biggest parades in the history of the world, and it is hard for any of us to see just what it is all about, for the simple reason that we are in it. Since time began "marching on," none of us can definitely say whether it is marching forward and upward, or backward and downward. My good friend, the Methodist preacher, who seems to think that the kingdom of heaven consists in the abundance of the things a man possesses and who senses that kingdom right around the corner, and the "monkey wrench" scientist, who pontifically denies the existence of life after death and fittingly requests that the choir sing, "I'll take you home again, Kathleen" at his funeral—are agreed that time is marching upward and onward. Spengler and other sour pots hold the opposite view. Most of the rest of us

frankly do not know what to say. Being in this parade ourselves, we feel that we are not able to get a sufficiently detached view, and we patiently wait to let history decide the question.

But that's a long time to wait. What is more, we do not have to *see* this parade to be able to know in what *direction* it is going, or to do something about it, if we are convinced that it is going in the wrong direction. In this march of time, the most important thing is not what it looks like, but whither it is taking us.

Civilization and Biology

I wonder if any civilization has ever survived such a downward pull as is exerted upon our age from the *biological* angle. The idea that children are the "gruesome result of the neglect of sanative precautions," is fortunately confined to a few cerebrals in our society; but whether these results be considered gruesome or not, the fact remains that only a few of the infinitesimal, wriggling beginnings of human life get by these precautions in the so-called "best families" of the land—while the mentally and physically unfit multiply like rats. The biologist tells us that like begets like, and since the undesirable breed much faster than the desirable, the undesirable will eventually get the upper hand and destroy society.

The answer to that question depends upon what we mean when we speak about "desirable" and "undesirable" people. Even from a biological point of view it does not seem that any one, male or female, who refuses to cooperate with the laws of nature by refusing to reproduce him or herself can be very desirable. As to the undesirables—many people who were considered highly undesirable have become the instruments through which the world's greatest benefactors have been shaped. To the crowd at Bethlehem it seemed as though Joseph and Mary were quite undesirable there—and elsewhere. They were of royal blood, but it was royalty gone to seed. Any woman in her condition undertaking such a trip at such a time deserved no more than a manger for her child, said the "best people" in those days—and the best people of today would say the same thing. WPA fodder.

Present day undesirables do not seem to possess the same degree of initiative, resourcefulness, and all around toughness as those of even a generation ago, but they may still surprise us when the roll of famous preachers, statesmen, scientists will be called fifty years hence. In the meantime, any church which refuses to help the Lord in being a "help of the helpless," is missing the greatest opportunity of the age.

Modern Amorality

I wonder if any other civilization has ever survived such a downward pull as is exerted upon our age from the *moral* angle. St. Paul states a dis-

passionate scientific fact which was in perfect agreement with all past history up to his day, and has been found to be in agreement with all history since that time, when he says that the sins committed by the "unclean man" and "the covetous person" brought "the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." All evil doing—but especially the excessive love of dollars and dirt—has wrecked every past civilization. Will it wreck ours?

I don't know. One thing is strange: that just the people afflicted with these peculiar society-wrecking vices, were so mightily drawn to Jesus that men called him the friend of publicans and sinners, and another thing, not so strange, is, that after they had been drawn to him, they did not hesitate when it came to giving half their goods to the poor and to going out to sin no more. If the Church can save enough modern Mary Magdalenes and Matthews, it may yet change the direction of the entire parade, but it must apply the age-old remedy from a somewhat different slant.

Down through the ages three mighty men are holding hands: Paul, Augustine, Luther. None of them wished to know anything except the truth that a man is justified by faith without his works. Paul got this through direct revelation, so we shall confine ourselves to Augustine and Luther. Both were saved from hopelessness and worse by being brought to the common level of a perfect righteousness through *imputation,* but Augustine, living in the beginning of an age of declining civilization, and wallowing in the mire of a corrupt paganism, was pulled up to this level; while Luther, living in the beginning of an age of advancing civilization and stalking about in the selfrighteousness and monastic piety of unspoiled heathenism, had to be drawn down to this level. The old story of the early introvert becoming the later extrovert and the early extrovert turning introvert, is an interesting sidelight on the lives of these two men. The essential thing about them, however, is that both met on the common ground of a *declared* righteousness without which it would have been impossible for either of them to gain peace.

It makes no difference whether we are living in the age of advancing or declining civilization; Christianity properly applied gets them both coming or going. Signs are multiplying that our own age is on the skids, and as these signs increase, the church must adapt itself more and more to pulling bad people up, rather than knocking good people down. It may not be able to pull up enough of these bad people to save civilization—I'm not so sure whether Christianity ever saved any slipping civilization—but it ought to be able to rescue a mighty host from the dirty clutches of the true confessionists.

Social Ills

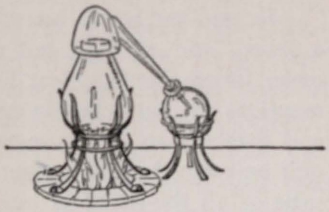
I wonder if any civilization has ever survived such a downward pull

as is exerted upon our age from the *social* angle. As the cell is the physiological unit of the body, so the family is the sociological unit of society. From a sociological point of view I can well understand the impassioned philippics of present-day moralizing talksters and scribsters who deplore the decline of the family and who prophesy a dire future for society as a result of that decline. But as a Christian I can not get myself up into a sweat about this thing.

In a certain small town-country parish 310 communicant members come from 160 families; that's an average of less than two from a family. In this parish there are only about 30 families in which all the members of the family are also members of the church. When the pastor of this parish remembers the apparently idyllic conditions of the church of his childhood, in which—so far as he can remember—every single family of the congregation was represented 100 per cent on the church register, he feels strangely grieved and pained.

But nostalgic pains and realistic church work have little in common. As for that ideal church of the past, about 99 and 99/100 per cent of the members were either born into it or found no place in it at all—and that during a period of time which covers the greater part of a century; while in the hit and miss present-day church of that homesick pastor, fully 25 per cent of his wide-eyed Sunday morning audience was pulled out of stark paganism within the past 16 years.

Family salvation is a great thing if it can be had. It is a great joy to gain "Lydia and her whole household" or a jailer "and all his," but we must never forget that the New Testament mentions the word family only once, and then not to designate the social unit on earth, but the entire spiritual tribe of all the saved in heaven and on earth. And what is more, the kind of church work which cuts through all family ties also has its advantages. It may not always bring peace but rather a sword to "set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against the mother, etc.," but whether it bring peace or a sword, in any event the divine leaven has at least become active in that home. Fifty Christians in fifty families are a power great enough to set an entire community on fire. Whether the majority of the members of the families involved will be either purified or consumed by the ensuing conflagration, is a matter that lies in God's hand. It is for the minister, however, to refuse to close his eyes to existing conditions, and this calls first of all for a preaching that is in demonstration of the spirit and of power, instead of being a rehash of innocuous theological bromides. It calls furthermore for a continued remembrance of the fact that the last injunction of the Lord does not enjoin him to go out and save society, or even the families of society, but to preach the Gospel to every creature.



THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."

HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

Seven million readers a day was the following acquired by O. O. McIntyre who wrote "New York Day By Day," a column released simultaneously to 508 newspapers. Several subscribers of CRESSET have suggested that some notice be taken of this unique journalist. I can do no better than give the floor to the Rev. A. W. Galen, who introduces his request with the following well-written paragraphs:

"So Oscar Odd McIntyre is dead.

"It was only the day before yesterday that I was perusing his column, 'New York Day By Day,' and found there some truths so strikingly expressed that I immediately clipped it for filing. In the typical 'O.O.' vein it tells how he 'set off on one of those aimless Sunday evening strolls without objective. The city generally was hurrying to the movies and cafes. And that is why a shadowy brick church on the fringe of things, its bell tolling so sadly, appeared a sudden symbol of neglect.' Joining the stragglers he enters—'the first church-going in months.' 'Like many reluctants,' he goes on to confess, 'I am continually assailed, once inside a religious edifice, for my neglect in attendance. It requires only an hour out of the week and there is no other place where one may so satisfyingly relax into surprising and almost unbelievable calm.'

"Then, just two days later, Oscar Odd McIntyre left his column and made the headlines. *'Columnist, Known to Millions, Succumbs at 53 in Park Ave. Apartment.'*

"I clipped that, too, and placed the two clippings side by side, wondering how many of the readers of McIntyre's column caught the deeper significance of the thing. 'Was Millionaire,' stated sub-head. But his column told me the man had been poor indeed. How else can I interpret his remarks: 'How little most of us aid in such worthy endeavor, morally, financially, or otherwise' . . . 'Many pay $6.60 per seat to be bored at plays that offend taste and yet waver

between a fifty-cent piece and a dollar bill at the church offeratory,'— if they are not a signed confession of spiritual poverty?"

I share the view of my correspondent. McIntyre has written lines of haunting beauty about discovering interest in religion in unexpected places. Many years ago he wrote:

"The Bible is not altogether an unknown book along Broadway. In fact, it is about as widely studied there as any other section of New York. It is not unusual to see stage folk reading the Bible while waiting for food in cafes.

"Channing Pollock, the playwright, and Fred Stone, the actor, were recent converts and admit the change came about reading the book. The sermons held in theaters on Sunday morning for players are widely attended. Indeed there is usually an overflow.

"A few weeks ago the police raided a theatrical hotel on Sunday morning. They were seeking cached hooch. Nearly all of the rooms were deserted. It developed that 80 per cent of the patrons were attending the Sabbath services at various churches.

"Frank Bacon, who had such a meteoric career on the Rialto a few years before his death, was an extremely religious man. He had many converts in his company. He had knocked about many half-hidden corners of the world. He knew life.

"Even burlesque has its Bible readers. Bozo, the comedian who never talks, keeps the Bible in his dressing room at all times and reads between the acts.

"Broadway always puts forward its Bohemia front. The cajolery and deceit stand out as prominently as the electric lights. But, just the same, when night falls there are thousands of compassionate people of Broadway in their hall bedrooms, four flights up and all the way back, who are alone with Him. Broadway to them is only an illusion."

Then more recently:

"This morning I visited the room in a little family hotel where I once lived on what is now rowdy West Seventy-second street. And was home for my three happy first years in New York. Yet I found it depressing. On my way home I wondered if those who attain heaven look back on what seemed the happy world they left in the same way."

Of my twenty-four readers, three have written in to ask what the quotation under the heading of this column means and whether The Alembic lives up to it. To answer the last question first: Yes, my dears, it does—when and inasmuch as it reflects literature, art, and public affairs as they look against a background of two score and ten years lived in intimate though not professional contact with art, much toil in the field of literature, and interested contemplation of public life. You need not agree with the judgments pronounced and you need not even feel that you lose much if you don't read The Alembic. CRESSET has so many excellent things that you cannot fail to get your two shillings' worth per issue.

Tomorrow's Horoscope has been projected thus for the 24th day of February, on which these jottings go to the printer:

"Today: excellent for making up lost time; keep brain clear and believe what

it tells you. Go over your secrets and confidential arrangements; think deeply. Same tomorrow.

"Danger: March 15-April 24; July 19-September 16; Dec. 15-Feb. 4."

For coming Saturday, the suggestion is "Lean against money and boss problems—solution can be located." It seems incredible, but someone is able to syndicate a short column made up of forecasts like this to several hundred newspapers, and when the feature editor drops the "Horoscope" for a day there are hundreds of letters from disappointed readers. They are missing some sustenance for their souls.

One of the peculiar phenomena of our paganism has been the rapid growth in number and influence of fortune-tellers, astrologers, crystal-gazers, numerologists, phrenologists, ballroom psychologists, and the like. When you know that New York City last year spent twenty-five million dollars with these fortune-tellers; when you know personally so-called big-business men who never make important investments without consulting one of these soothsayers; when you have heard of college women who insisted upon being married with the hands of the clock going up; when you know that certain of the high-class hotels in New York City have no thirteenth floor; when the Pullman clerks tell you how difficult it is to sell seat thirteen in the chair-cars where the more comfortable and supposedly better educated citizens of our country ride; when you know personally an engineer of international standing, graduate of a great scientific school, and the recipient of honorary degrees from others, who laughs at the science of medicine and risks his health to a chiropractor; when you have a lawyer friend, practising before the Supreme Court of this land, who sprinkles sulphur in his shoes every morning to keep off the microbes of influenza; when you know another outstanding lawyer who wears a certain brand of shoes in court, never venturing to enter that precinct with any other—you sometimes wonder just how far we are away from the totem-pole, the tom-tom, and the medicine-man.

The relativity of art has been commented on in this column and in the reviews. Particularly the difference between oriental and Western music has been referred to, for the purpose, you will remember, of causing dreadful doubts to afflict our devotion to classical music. The first impressions which a cultured oriental received from the pianoforte is therefore pertinent to the question—Just what is beautiful in music? Follow some jottings made while reading Mr. Rudolph Aronson's *Theatrical and Musical Memoirs*. Mr. Aronson describes a visit to the Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Abdul Aziz. When the artist was about to give a guest performance upon the piano, the Oriental potentate addressed him in language reminiscent of Arabian Nights:

"You understand the thing that has the sounds of the wind and the echo of bells in its bosom? You know how to wake the song-birds in its midst?" the Sultan inquired. When, in response, Mr. Aronson had played for him, he remarked:

"It is like distant thunder and the echo of storms; it is the tramp of a thousand camels, the hoof-beats of a herd of horses; from your fingers come the plaintive notes of a woman's voice crying and then cooing. You have love and anger and pleadings by the handful. I am blessed with two ears. In what language do you make those sounds?"

When Mr. Aronson explained that music is the same in all languages that "the hand of the Arab may play the music that the ear of the Christian understands," and that the Christian's music is equally clear to the Arab, Mulai folded his arms and announced with lordly calm:

"Then it will have to be changed. I want something new for Morocco."

Convinced at length by careful and politic explanations, that he could not have it, the sultan had a new idea. Would not the tones produced by his own fingers "expand the Christian visitor's heart in joy?" He was politely urged to try. Pulling up his sleeves he smote the keys, the result being not so happy, as Mulai mournfully admitted.

"It falls into my ears like the voice of famine and the howl of disaster," he lamented. "My heart grows smaller, and my soul flees from my body. Will you forgive this insult and drive the echo of it out of my ears? El Menebbi," he turned to his minister, "lead me away. I am a blight to the world!"

Later his blighted spirits sufficiently recovered to permit the practicing of the scale and Mr. Aronson was presented with a beautiful scimitar, engraved with the royal initials and an inscription in Arabic.

When profs get nasty. We have noted the allergy which the German people have been manifesting against the Jews, and occasionally the papers confirm the proverbial saying about the fury of a woman scorned, but for intensity of dislike, for *n*th degree abomination there is nothing quite as perfect as the attitude of the specialist when an amateur crosses his path. At the University of North Carolina, J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton follows the tranquil vocation of a professor of History. Mental calmness, restraint, composure, the tolerance that comes from detachment would characterize the professional in this field. I speak from observation. Over in Vienna lives Otto Eisenschiml. He is a chemist. Unfortunately, he has made excursions far afield from his Bunsen burners, test tubes, alembics, white powders, and evil smelling liquids into the field of history. What is worse, into American history. What is unpardonable, into the field of what our southern brethren call the War of the States. He writes a book: *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?* Now

see how J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton falls upon Otto Eisenschiml (in the *North Carolina Historical Review* of last Fall):

Prof. Hamilton closes the Eisenschiml volume, twirls a sheet into his typewriter and after one minute has delivered himself of this initial blast: "This indefatigable historian, to employ the highly inaccurate title used in the publishers' blurb to describe the Viennese chemist who is the author of this unique volume—." Can contempt go farther? Yes, it can. The Viennese chemist has written "four hundred and thirty-eight dreary pages of rambling and disconnected implication and innuendo . . . a sort of hash, somewhat nauseous to the consumer, composed of fragments of sources chiefly secondary, which have long been familiar to everyone." After paying his respects to Secretary Stanton (whom the Viennese chemist holds responsible for Lincoln's death, but whose guilt Prof. Hamilton regards as unproven), he impersonates the reader, who "wearily puts down the volume, wondering if the author fails to grasp the fact that a considerable number of people in the country can read and that a good many do so." Then he adds for full measure: "He has tried to discover a mare's nest—and has failed even to do that." Not quite satisfied with the result he quotes a Latin saying about a mountain that was laboring and brought forth a mouse. Somehow the perfect touch still seems to be lacking. Something should be said in the second person singular and so the review concludes: "Shoemaker, stick to your last."

So you see, a chemist will receive short shrift if he crosses the path of an historian. And when a southern professor finds his particular field, the villainy of the men of Lincoln's cabinet invaded, the result is one of the most perfect examples extant of vituperative polemics. Don't rouse the professor.

Bagatelles. I believe that Music is the highest of the arts because at its peak it is like pure mathematics in having no meaning interpretable in words; and I believe, with James Hilton (author of *Lost Horizon*) that "the Binomial Theorem and a Bach Fugue are, in the long run, more important than all the battles of history." . . . I should like to meet the man who can steal five buildings and some steel derricks. I wonder how such a man looks, how he dresses, his diet, his voice. I refer to Edward Rockwood, 43 years old, wrecking company owner, who has been sentenced at Chicago to state's prison for stealing a steel derrick with 90-foot boom, weighing 30,000 pounds; another, slightly larger, derrick; an electric traveling crane and its steel track; a three-car garage, a brick mill, two sheds, and a building half a block square. When Rockwood asked that he be allowed his freedom on bond over Sunday, Judge Harrington replied, "I'd like to find the Courts Building here when I return to work

Monday. You'll have to stay where you are. . . ." Memorandum for next week: To reply favorably to Colorado Mountain Climbing Club pledging support to their proposed WPA project of providing escalators for Pikes Peak. . . . Commenting on the Centennial celebration of co-education featured by Oberlin College during the present school year, *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says among other things: "Obviously, the dream of the early feminists that the granting of more or less equality to women would solve quickly the world's problems has not been realized. Woman suffrage, for example, has patently not taken all the evil out of politics." Obviously not, and patently not. Of all the roseate hopes attached to the entrance of woman into politics not a single one has seen fruition to the present day. There has been a fearful multiplication of machinery, travelling expense, and printer's bills for all political parties and the improvement of political standards has been precisely nil. . . . "When You and I Were Fish, Maggie" is the way a smart headline writer in the Chicago *Daily News* announces the theory advanced by Dr. Foster Kennedy to the effect that people dance because of orders from the eighth cranial nerve, and that this nerve originated in the dim past when man was still a fish. "The simultaneous stimulation of both parts of the auditory nerve," he says, "results in our having a pleasant emotion in moving our bodies rhythmically in accordance as we hear. This results in dancing." . . . I have quoted from Gertrude Stein's travelogue in a 1937 *Atlantic*. The January issue contains a plaintive note from an English teacher who tried to read the Gertrude Stein article out loud, as the editor had suggested. He writes, a la Miss Stein: "I am one of the army of English teachers engaged among other things in presenting the *Atlantic* as a model not as a horrible example and in drilling yes drilling some semblance of correctness into the sentences of the young who really don't know better than to write like the intellectuals write. See Wilson Follett in the October number now it may be all right for everybody to just give up correcting the sentences and punctuation and capitalization and spelling of the young and then we teachers could have such a good time such a good time but I'm afraid the boards of education would soon get onto us and then the boards of education wouldn't like the situation and we teachers would lose our situations and the young would lose their situations if any and then we would all starve and then people would ask questions that had to be answered and then where would the *Atlantic* be?

"Yours faithfully,

"D. H. RICH

"P. S. I have read it out loud and I don't like it any better."

Two world-characters are contrasted—and the result points a significant lesson for our own age—

HAMLET Versus PAUL

By WILLIAM A. DREWS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE stands on a peculiarly high eminence as an observer and a judge of the life of man. Although he made no effort to present a connected philosophy, his dramas reveal a man deeply preoccupied with the workings of the human heart. Despite some of Ben Jonson's strictures, the great Elizabethan is perched on top of one of those curves which might chart the course of the human mind through history.

By all standards he might be given the chilling designation of literary giant. Classroom teachers for generations have insisted that Shakespeare is some sort of unapproachable superman. But supermen have their failings. The total effect of most supermen upon the human soul has seldom been elevating; more often it has been depressing.

Even a casual study of Shakespeare's plays, more particularly of his tragedies, reveals the dark threads of a rather determined and insistent pessimism running through the fabric of his loom. He seems to have taken residence in a valley of despond. The moral and mental diseases of humanity depress him. Like some Hebraic prophet he finds the evils of mankind reeking in his nostrils. He notes the ignoble tendencies of most of his contemporaries, he sees the cruelly spilled blood on the pages of the various royal chronicles, and he examines the uncertainties in his own human soul. He admits his own spiritual and mental inability to help humanity rise above itself.

Othello, Lear, Macbeth, and the gravediggers express their innate helplessness. Above all, Hamlet, the personification of melancholy, feels an intense horror over his own and his compatriots' uncleanness.

"I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves; believe none of us."

The Poet

The despair which Hamlet expresses near the close of the first act of his tragedy is heart-rending:

"O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

Hamlet utters an almost agonized admission of his own depravity. He seems to feel that he has within himself some taint which no cleansing agency will remove. Behind this torturing thought, he feels the unknowable thing that lies beyond the veil. The famous *To be or not to be* contains these lines:

"But the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will."

The distilled essence of Shakespeare's entire philosophy of pessimism is poured out in the following famous lines:

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Whether these are the playwright's words or the Dane's is still debated. The couplet is part of the logical sequence of the tragedy. On the other hand, there is no reason for assuming this was not Shakespeare's sentiment. The coarse and exciting days of the Elizabethan era could easily arouse conflicting thoughts and emotions in a sensitive mind. Probably the despair of Hamlet gives voice to that of Shakespeare himself.

The Saint

Paul of Tarsus lived at a time when the Roman empire was declining, a time when conditions were much like that later Elizabethan age when men and their affairs were at high tension. One wonders now what sort of intellectual distinction Paul might have won, had he restricted himself to the world of letters. This brilliant Israelite, whose restless imagination and intellect might have made him a greater teacher than any of his contemporaries, became through divine direction an apostle to the Gentile world.

Perhaps there was much of Hamlet in Paul—or vice versa. No one else has ever had a better understanding of himself and his fellows. He likewise knew that the heart is a stubborn and perverse thing:

"The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Despite the evident fact that Corinth, as well as other cities of that day, were festering sores on the face of the earth, Paul did not sink into pessimism in either his sermons or his letters. The time in which he lived was also "out of joint"; but never does he curse the fact that he was "born to set it right." He looks upon the disjointedness of the world of his time as a challenge to his greatest powers and his strongest faith. He rises to heights of glorious optimism, an optimism that is neither shallow nor sentimental, and a triumphant

confidence rings in the stirring words: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

How pitiful is the hopeless pessimism of Hamlet contrasted with the matchless faith of Paul, the tentmaker. Hamlet despises himself for the arrant knave that he is; Paul asks the Philippians to imitate his strivings toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ. Yet Paul was fully aware of the war in his own body between flesh and spirit.

A Valiant Spirit

Far from being dismayed by the moral and social ills so painfully evident around him or from being daunted by the blows rained on his body, Paul writes eloquently to the Corinthians "though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Such eloquence must move even the most indifferent reader. Here writes a man moved by the Spirit, a man touched by the unconquerable Galilean. Instead of producing despair, Paul's infirmities made him write words of unsurpassed Christian heroism:

> "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities. . . . For Christ's sake."

And as for the dread of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," to Paul it was not "undiscovered," but thoroughly real. For him heaven was a country whose contours were more real than those of Corinth or Rome or his beloved Philippi. The "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" held no terrors for him, because death had been subdued, its sting removed. For that reason his trumpet call, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ—" finds a warm and stirring answer in the heart of every Christian.

Thus when Paul was in the shadow of the executioner's block, he wrote to his pupil, Timothy, without doubting or wavering of mind, the immortal words:

> "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

For Paul life was a challenge to do service to God's power working through the glorious Gospel of the living Christ. What Paul saw may have nauseated him, but it could not daunt him. Hamlet beheld life's puzzles and was moved to black despair. Paul met the challenge of his time, led the armies of Christ to victory, and in the end, having found the earthly life good, because he lived it in the faith of Christ, he joyfully departed to be forever in the presence of his Lord.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

The Contemplation of Christ's Suffering and Death Inspires One of the Most Magnificent Masterpieces in All Music.

It is safe to say that those who repaired to the Thomaskirche in the city of Leipzig on Good Friday of the year 1729 to hear the first performance of Johann Sebastian Bach's Matthaeuspassion did not realize the momentousness of the occasion. How could they know that they were privileged to be present at the premiere of one of the most wonderful masterpieces of all time?

No doubt, many of the parishioners of the Thomaskirche had been deriving much pleasure and edification from the music which the learned Doctor Musices had been composing for their services since his appointment as Cantor in 1723; but we have more than one reason to suspect that there were some who never ceased to believe that both the church and the school would have been served with far greater competence if, after the death of the capable Johann Kuhnau, such celebrities as Georg Philipp Telemann or Christoph Graupner, instead of this man Bach, could have been induced to accept the important position. To their thinking, it was most unfortunate that untoward circumstances had made it necessary for them to be content with a musician of whose achievements, as they reasoned, they could never hope to be proud.

Perhaps some of those who were either dissatisfied with Bach or at least lukewarm in their attitude toward him decided that on this Good Friday it would be infinitely more interesting and profitable to worship in the fashionable Neukirche; for it had been noised abroad that new passion music from the pen of one Gottlieb Froeber, who was anxious to be appointed to the vacant post of Cantor, would be presented in this church. Besides, it was an open secret that many of the élite among the musicians of the town would give Bach's most recent composition the cold shoulder and grace the Neukirche with their presence.

To say that Bach and his music were frowned upon and belittled by all the citizens of Leipzig would be a gross exaggeration. In some quarters of the town, he had a high pro-

fessional standing. The great prophet of a new day in tonal expression was not entirely without honor in his own country; but it is certain that the respect accorded him was by no means in keeping with his monumental contributions to the development of the art. He was faithful in the discharge of his many duties, even though he did not relish teaching Latin in the Thomasschule's Tertia. In certain respects, he was meek and humble; yet at times he was capable of showing a spirit of rugged independence which could easily alienate any one who had the hardihood to rub his fur the wrong way. Like every transcendent genius and like every pathfinder of far-reaching importance, he had convictions of his own, and he refused to budge from his principles and persuasions merely because persons of prominence and influence were unable to see eye to eye with him. In the matter of composition he wore no man's collar.

No Great Excitement

It is probable that some of the parishioners of the Thomaskirche had heard that when Bach was organist of the Bonifaciuskirche at Arnstadt, he had been taken to task by the Consistorium because, in the words of Superintendent Johann Christoph Olearius, "complaints have been made . . . that you now accompany the hymns with surprising variations and irrelevant ornaments, which obliterate the melody and confuse the congregation." Perhaps this report had led them to think that they were employing an eccentric and headstrong rebel—a rebel who would bear careful watching. When the appointment had been made by the Church Council on April 22, 1723, Buergermeister Steger, who entertained some measure of regard for Bach's ability, had nevertheless considered it his duty to express the hope that the new Cantor's music would not be theatrical in character.

At any rate, the performance of the Matthaeuspassion on Good Friday of the year 1729 created no great stir among the 30,000 inhabitants of the city of Leipzig. Christian Gerber, in his *Historie der Kirchen-Ceremonien in Sachsen,* reports: "Some high officials and well-born ladies in one of the galleries began to sing the first chorale with great devotion from their books. But as the theatrical music proceeded, they were thrown into the greatest wonderment, saying to each other, 'What does it all mean?' while one old lady, a widow, exclaimed, 'God help us! 'Tis surely an opera-comedy!'" (Quoted in Terry's *Bach.* Oxford University Press. 1928.) Did the good woman who was so painfully shocked conclude that the Cantor's musicianship had been contaminated by the opera performances which had been flourishing in Leipzig and Dresden for several decades and had been a thorn in the flesh of a large number of those who attended the Thomaskirche?

To the pygmy-minded detractors of Bach as well as to those who had no music whatever in their bones it meant little or nothing that such epoch-making works as the Passacaglia in C Minor, the first book of the Well-Tempered Clavichord, the Brandenburg Concertos and the unparalleled Partitas for unaccompanied violin had already been composed. Would it be overshooting the mark to say that many of them did not even know of the existence of these compositions?

The Historical Background

Bach's St. Matthew Passion tells the story of Christ's suffering and death according to the account given us by the first of the four evangelists. Choruses, chorales, recitatives and arias are interspersed for the purpose of impressing the message on the minds of the worshippers in a graphic manner. Dramatic treatment is mingled most ingeniously with introspection, contemplation and reflection.

Chanted presentations of the Savior's passion had for centuries been a traditional custom in the church. Originally, the entire narrative was intoned by a priest. In the course of time, however, variations in the manner of presentation were introduced. One priest, for example, would chant the part of Jesus, while the words of characters like Peter and Judas would be assigned to others. Later, choirs, known technically as "turbae," were added to sing the words of the disciples and of other groups. It was not customary to represent the characters by costumes, gestures or actions. Every student of literature knows that the mystery plays of the Middle Ages are inextricably bound up with the passions, and that the passions, in turn, hark back, in more than one respect, to the drama as it flourished among the ancient Greeks. No less a person than Aristotle had pointed out in his Poetics that music could be an element of vital effectiveness in the presentations of tragedy.

Composers of ability and importance, like the great Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594), were fascinated by the numerous possibilities which the Biblical accounts of Christ's suffering, crucifixion, and burial spread out before them, and, in consequence, the numerous and constantly growing resources of the tonal art were used in a wide variety of ways. Inventiveness was stimulated. Polyphony was extensively employed and, as the years went by, the choruses, which at first were sung unisono, were arranged not only in dexterously managed contrapuntal patterns but also in three, four, and five part harmony.

The custom of presenting the passion story in musical settings was retained by the Lutherans; but there was a difference of fundamental and wide-reaching significance. Before the Reformation, the office of song had been confined to priests and minor clergy. Luther, however, gave

pointed emphasis to the universal priesthood of all believers and encouraged all to worship in song. Naturally, a change of this kind exercised a powerful influence on the subsequent development of music.

In 1530, Johann Walther, one of Luther's advisers in matters pertaining to music ("unser lieber, getreuer Walther"), composed passions according to St. Matthew (for Palm Sunday) and St. John (for Good Friday).

As time went on, the settings became more elaborate. Among the Protestants, it became customary to interlard the narrative of the evangelists with chorales and with meditations on such subjects as the frailty of man and the boundless love of the Redeemer. German texts were used. Dr. Nikolaus Selneccer (1528-1592), the well-known theologian who was a friend and pupil of Melanchthon, an organist and a gifted composer of hymns, wrote passions according to St. Matthew and St. John. Of far greater importance were the four works in this field by Heinrich Schuetz (1585-1672), one of the most significant among the harbingers of the Bachian era. Numerous settings came into being. Musical instruments were used to add vividness and color to the treatment, and the congregation took part in some of the singing. But the high point of perfection, beauty, and power was reached in the passions which flowed from the pen of Bach. The mighty Doctor Musices of Leipzig wrote four works in this form; but only two are extant today—those according to St. John and St. Matthew. There is a manuscript of a Lukaspassion in the master's handwriting which was published by the Bachgesellschaft in 1898 as an authentic work of the Cantor. Since that time, however, it has, to use the words of the scholarly Charles Sanford Terry, "been rejected by every competent authority."

It is universally admitted that Bach's St. Matthew Passion is a work of far greater significance than his St. John Passion, which, in all probability, was produced in the Thomaskirche on Good Friday of the year 1723. Yet Terry does not hesitate to declare that, in spite of its evident inferiority to the later work, it "surpassed all its predecessors and set a new standard in its form."

Gripping Eloquence

To write at length concerning the recitative passages, the arias, the duets, the chorales and the choruses of the Matthaeuspassion would require far more space than the music column of THE CRESSET has at its disposal. Therefore, it will be necessary to restrict much of the rest of this discussion to a few brief remarks about certain portions of the 24 scenes in which the work is cast.

After a short orchestral introduction, in which an air of sadness and ominousness is suggested by a subtly managed ground-bass, we hear the chorus, *Come Ye Daughters, Share*

My Anguish, sung by two choirs of four voices each. Above the eloquent and masterfully wrought polyphony, a separate soprano part intones the chorale, *O Lamb of God Most Holy.* Then comes the announcement of the passion, followed by the chorale, *O Blessed Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended?* After this, the entire story of Christ's passion and death, as set forth by St. Matthew, is unfolded. The librettist was Herr Ober-Post Commissarius Christian Friedrich Henrici, commonly known as Picander; but the distribution of the chorales, among which the sublime *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* occurs no less than five times, was the work of Bach himself.

"Truly, This Was the Son of God," sings the choir after the Evangelist has told of the fear of the centurion and those that were with him when they saw the earthquake following Christ's death. This chorus, wrought with infinite care, moving, gripping, and filled with heartfelt conviction, shows us more clearly than words can tell with what fervor and love Bach composed the glorious work. In content as well as in workmanship, this outpouring unanswerably controverts the statement of the distinguished Bach scholar, Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, who wrote that in the Matthaeuspassion "the godhead of Christ is scarcely anywhere apparent."

To hear the mighty chorus containing the stirring fugal treatment of the words, *Have Lightnings and Thunders in Clouds Disappeared?,* is an experience which will leave a lasting impression of Bach's unfathomable genius. The arias for contralto, *Grief and Pain* and *Have Mercy on Me,* foreshadow the finest achievements of the romantic composers and, to some extent, adumbrate the great Richard Wagner. Hear the bloodthirsty rabble cry out for the release of Barabbas and for the crucifixion of Christ, and you must admit that Bach was one of the greatest masters of all time. This conviction will be strengthened when you listen to the aria, *O Golgotha,* and to the concluding chorus with the marvelously conceived refrain, *Lord Jesus, Rest in Peace.* The final words, *Slumber Now and Take Thy Rest* will linger long in your memory because of the unparalleled poignancy of the musical treatment.

There is a strong temptation to add a detailed discussion of the many masterfully devised programmatic elements which Bach has woven into his wonderful music; but in the second volume of the biography written by Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the renowned Alsatian scholar, organist, physician and traveller, you will find a far better description of these characteristics than I could hope to give. Nevertheless, it is of importance to point out here that in the programmatic treatment of the tonal background of certain portions of the text Bach never tries to force his music to go beyond the bounds of its own domain. The words of Christ are al-

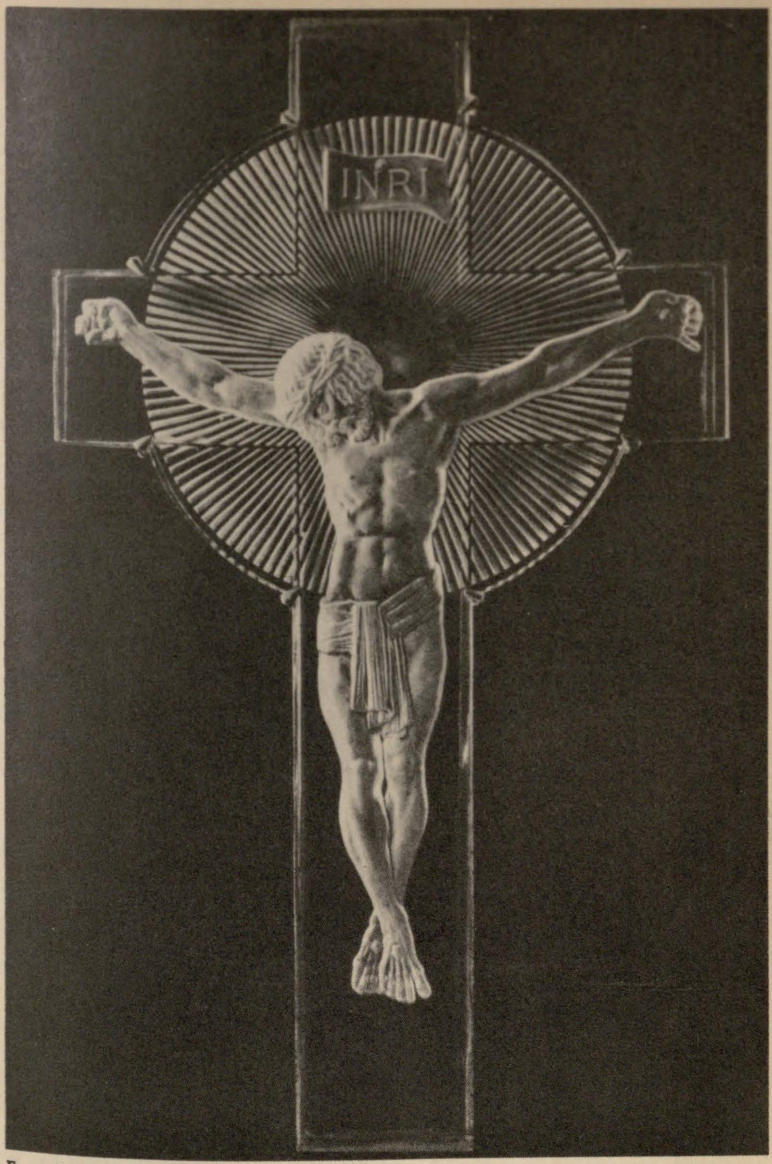
ways accompanied by strings in harmony. This device was employed by Bach and a number of his forerunners and followers for the purpose of suggesting a halo.

A revised and extended version of the Matthaeuspassion was performed in Leipzig in 1740; but, to all intents and purposes, the world outside Saxony seemed to be unaware of its existence. Undoubtedly, the Cantor's successors at the Thomaskirche had reached the conclusion that their own reputations would be far better served by burying the composition than by presenting it regularly in the church as Johann Walther's Matthaeuspassion had been given before 1729. On March 12, 1829, one hundred years after the premiere of the work, Mendelssohn conducted it in Berlin. This was the first revival of the great masterpiece. It is more than interesting to learn that Mendelssohn used a score copied from a manuscript which his teacher, Carl Friedrich Zelter, founder of the Berliner Singakademie, had purchased as wrapping-paper from the estate of a vender of cheese.

Recordings of the Matthaeuspassion

In the Fall of 1932, an excellent recording of an abbreviated version of the Matthaeuspassion was released. The work is sung with organ by the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church of New York City under the direction of David McK. Williams. The soloists are Ruth Shaffner, soprano, Pearl Benedict-Jones, contralto, Allan Jones, tenor, Frank Cuthbert, bass, and Donald Pirnie, baritone. There are 12 12-inch discs in this set (Victor Album M-138).

After I had begun to plan my halting and woefully incomplete article on Bach's great composition, I received the first volume of a magnificent recording made during a performance in Boston's Symphony Hall on March 26, 1937, by the Radcliffe Choral Society, the Harvard Glee Club and the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of that distinguished musician, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. The soloists are Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, Kathryn Meisle, contralto, John Priebe, tenor, Keith Faulkner and Fritz Lechner, basses. Ernst Viktor Wolff, the noted harpsichordist, plays the continuo for the rôle of the Evangelist, and Carl Weinrich presides at the organ. The entire work will be released in three volumes on 26 12-inch discs (Victor Albums M-411, 412, and 413). In numerous respects, this is one of the most important achievements in the history of the art of recording. It means that for many the Matthaeuspassion need no longer be as a book sealed with seven seals.



From "L'Art Religieux Moderne" by G. Arnaud D'Agnel. Copyright 1936 by B. Arthaud.

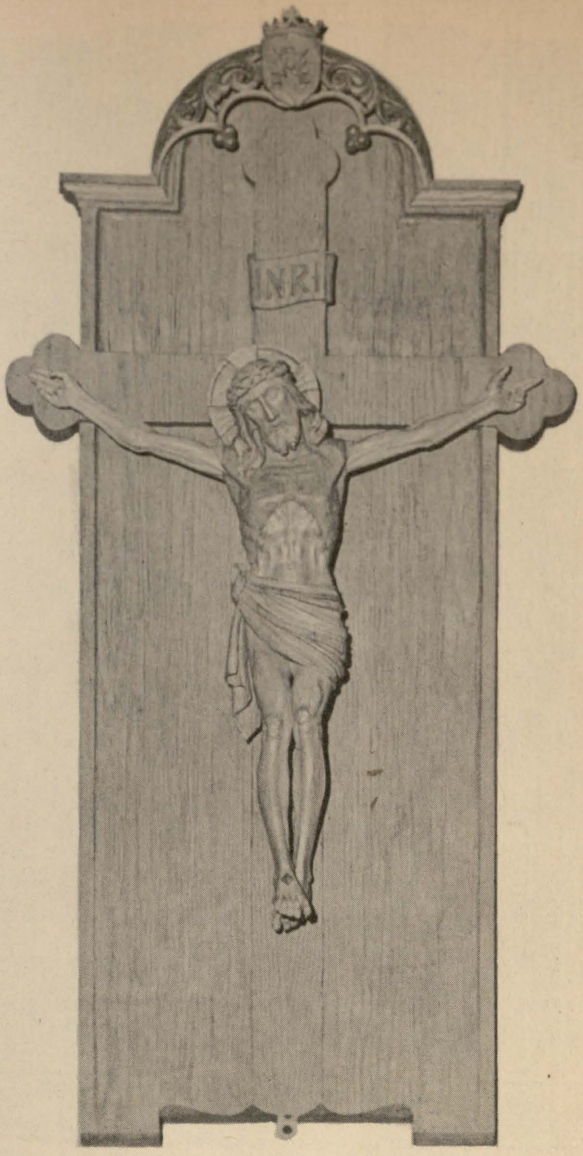
A beautiful, modern glass crucifix from France. "When I hear these things and meditate upon them I find it impossible not to picture them in my heart. Whether I want to or not, when I hear of Christ, a human form hanging upon a cross rises up in my heart. Now if it is not sinful for me to have Christ's picture in my heart why should it be sinful to have it before my eyes?"—Martin Luther

The Day of the Resurrection of our Lord brings to mind the scenes of that first Easter, long ago. The women, the dawn of a new day for all the world, the empty tomb, the hastening and dubious apostles, the graciousness of the Risen Lord to the weeping Mary—in such things Easter had its beginning, its final end will be our own resurrection. William Collins, R.A., one of England's great landscape painters, has given us this garden scene on Easter morning.

Courtesy of the Louvre Museum, Paris.

This plaque of the burial of Christ is one of the real treasures of the Louvre Museum. Its modeling is powerful and the figures are finely formed. The body of Christ is particularly strong. A close study of the faces shows at least the lack of understanding for the great things that have happened, even though one could hardly describe it as an attitude of despair.

On this page and that opposite we present two modern examples of fine wood carving. They were executed by the Liturgical Arts Guild of Cleveland, Ohio, for the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Saint Luke in Chicago. The plaque on the North side of the Chancel is known as the Saint Luke plaque. The symbol of the Church is found in the center, surrounded by the symbols of the Synod and the District, as well as the seals of the State of Illinois and the United States of America.



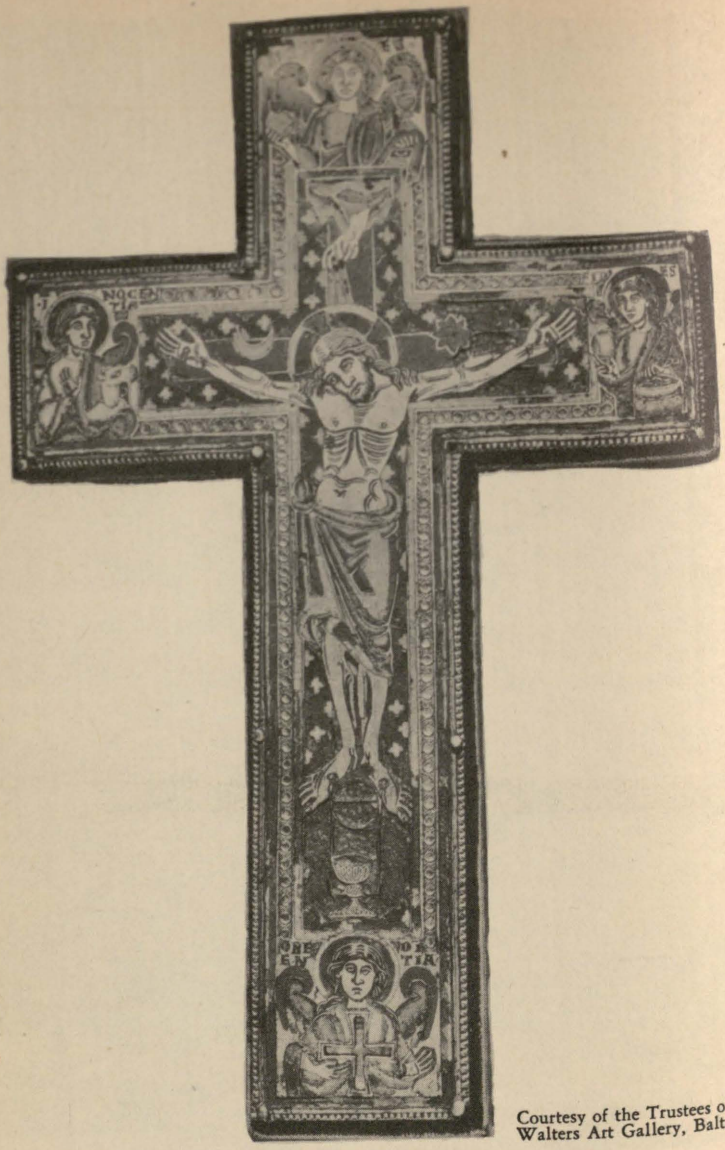
On the South side of the Chancel, beside the pulpit, is found this beautiful crucifix. The base of the shield is four inches thick. The cross grows out of it as the shield recedes. The plaque is crested by a smaller shield which, like the companion piece on the opposite side, bears the symbol of the Alpha and Omega with the Crown of Victory surmounting it. The Corpus is modelled with a delicate restraint which adds greatly to the power of the whole presentation. Both, this plaque and the Saint Luke plaque, are memorials established by members of the congregation. It would seem that beauty in the service of truth can become a reality.

Courtesy of the Trustees of the
Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

The "Gethsemanes" are an important part of Christian Art because the scenes are so filled up with drama and pathos—the tortured, praying Christ, the sleeping three, the black treachery of Judas—all of them have caught the imagination of artists in every period. The December issue of THE CRESSET carried an altar piece of glazed terra-cotta, executed by Andrea Della Robbia. The work presented here seems to be of a later period. The modelling is not as light and delicate as that of the Christmas presentation. The plaque gains a great deal of its strength and vigor from its coloring.

Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

The third oaken plaque in one issue of THE CRESSET. The figures here, as in the burial of Christ from the Louvre, have very vigorous modelling. Strength is apparent everywhere. The feeling of martyrdom is avoided, and one feels instinctively that this is the climax of a great sacrifice. The skill of the unknown artist who produced this from a solid block of wood has been preserved through the centuries in a most remarkable fashion.



Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

The contrast between the modern glass cross and the one presented here is quite remarkable, although both of them show the same devotional treatment of the great story of the Savior's Crucifixion. Crosses of this type were found very often as the adornments over the top of the fine reliquary caskets and shrines of the mediaeval Church. The color in the enamel has not lost any of its brilliance and clarity although some of it has been chipped off and broken away. Walters has an exceptional collection of small items of this type, perhaps one of the finest groups in our country.

Books—some to be read—some to be pondered —some to be enjoyed—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened.

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Miracles and Men Today

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. By Bruce Marshall. Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York. 1931. $2.50

RECENTLY published in dramatic form and hailed as a current success of the New York stage, the story of Father Malachy's miracle has now come into a prominence which it did not achieve when it first appeared a little more than six years ago. This new interest and also its intrinsic merit as an anecdote which exposes the pseudo-scientific naturalism of our day seem to make a review of the book, even at this late date, still appropriate and probably helpful.

The essentials of the story are easily retold. Father Malachy Murdock, a Benedictine Monk, is summoned from the seclusion of his monastery to give instruction in the use of the Gregorian chant at the church of Saint Margaret of Scotland in Edinburgh. A man of simple, rock-like faith, whose life makes evident the reality of the supernatural and the eternal, Father Malachy is a living refutation of the philosophy and of the practice of materialism as it confronts him in the men and in the institutions of the world into which he has now been thrown. The blatant denial of the miraculous and the supernatural, which the rector of the Episcopalian church across the street from St. Margaret's flouts in a chance conversation with Father Malachy, so deeply shocks and stirs the reverent monk that he is suddenly induced to announce his intention to perform a miracle. With the help of God, he will transport the Garden of Eden, a notorious dance-hall on the same street, at eleven-thirty the next night, to any place the rector may mention. Father Malachy naïvely believes that this demonstration of supernatural power will make materialism henceforth impossible, whether of the philosophical variety as represented by the rector, or of the practical variety as manifested by the crowds which attend and support the Garden of Eden. He has no doubt that God will answer his prayer. And God does. The next night at half-past eleven precisely the Garden of Eden rises slowly and surely into the air and lands, seventeen minutes later, near North Berthwick on top of Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, the place which the rector had designated.

What Father Malachy expected, however, does not happen. The indifferent do not come to the feet of Christ and the despisers of religion do not kneel in the dust and ask God to forgive them for their past unbelief. Not one of the gay crowd miraculously transported to Bass Rock is converted. The Episcopalian rector, who saw the dance-hall actually fly through the air, is convinced that it was only an illusion. The newspapers, the saner journals, the leading thinkers and scientists, the prominent churchmen, all unite in expressing doubts and denials,

despite the undeniable fact that the Garden of Eden is no longer in Edinburgh, but securely perched on Bass Rock. The outstanding archbishops, too, are judiciously and diplomatically skeptical. Even the Pope sends a cardinal to Scotland with instructions to put an end to all further publication of the miracle, because, as the cardinal explains, "propaganda is against it; the Sacred Congregation of Rites is against it; the Holy Father himself is against it."

Threatened with a damage suit by the owner of the dance-hall, baffled and harassed by a showman who wants to buy the exclusive rights to exploit the miracle, and disillusioned pathetically by man's undisturbed unbelief and skepticism and mockery, Father Malachy cannot but weep as he gazes from his study out over a world "which insists on preferring Barabbas to Christ." His miracle, so palpable and so undeniable, has failed dismally of its high purpose and his humble heart is broken with dismay.

The story might have effectively ended here, but it doesn't. The owner of the Garden of Eden soon realizes the possibilities of commercializing the miracle. The dance-hall is to reopen on Bass Rock with a gala celebration on Christmas night. As a feature of the festivities the Dean of St. Stephen's, London, has agreed to broadcast a scathing denunciation of an outmoded belief in the miraculous. And that night when Father Malachy, standing by the white sea wall at North Berwick, observes the Garden of Eden crowded with mocking merry-makers, he prays God to bring the dance-hall back to its original location in Edinburgh. While the famous Dean is concluding his broadcast with the words, "if an œcumenical council were to decide tomorrow that the dance-hall in question had flown through the air, I should not have the slightest difficulty in believing that it had done nothing of the sort," the Garden of Eden again rises into the air and returns to Edinburgh.

Explanation is now very easy and very obvious. The Garden of Eden had never been moved at all. It was merely illusion "produced by some hypnotic rote which only served further to establish the Mithraic origins of traditional Christianity. In other words, the so-called miracle might be ascribed to Mithraism masquerading as mediaevalism itself masquerading as modernism." For the great majority the mere intellectual sound of these words is sufficient to guarantee their truth. The world goes on in its blind materialism, and Father Malachy goes back to his monastery.

TO OUTLINE the story is to indicate the unmistakable direction of its satire and irony. The characters are not individuals, but rather types whose unloveliness and littleness appear all the blacker against the pure white of Father Malachy's character and life. The cheapness and the superficiality of a civilization which has discarded a belief in the supernatural are exposed before the serene other-worldliness of Father Malachy. If the saintliness of Father Malachy is overdrawn, it is obviously done alone for this purpose.

The book may be justly criticized as a novel. Its satire is decidedly not always subtle. The second miracle may be considered anti-climactical. There are expressions, too, which are unfortunate and, occasionally, even irreverent. But there are also brilliant phrases, and paragraphs of exceptional power and beauty. That mysticism and the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Mass are glorified is obvious as is also the theological unsoundness in other respects.

If I am at this moment somewhat reluctant to stress the shortcomings of Bruce Marshall's story, it is undoubtedly to be attributed to the coincidence that I have this afternoon finished reading, for quite an unrelated purpose, the book of Prof. Kirsopp Lake, now of Harvard Divinity School, on the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The learned and eminent professor labors painfully through almost three

hundred pages to set forth that both "historical and traditional probability" indicate that the greatest of all miracles never happened, that the story of the Empty Tomb is an illusion produced by the disciples, innocently enough, as a result of a "subjective-objective" appearance of Christ which they saw in Galilee, or as a result of an experience of "subliminal consciousness" which, by natural processes of thought, "visualized" into an appearance. (For the sake of completeness I must add that it may have "auralized" into a "message," but it didn't.) Then, too, I can still hear the tin ring of his words: "In the same way the celebration of the death and resurrection of the god on the third day played a part in the theology connected with Attis, Adonis, Osiris and probably other deities. Now these theologies were certainly not without influence on Hebrew religion." Very definitely I am in the mood to overlook flaws in any effort which is made to denounce such pseudo-scientific outbursts with a richly merited smile of satire.

Bruce Marshall avowedly writes a story, but the professor explicitly presents a work of scientific research. If there were no scholars like Prof. Lake, we should need no satirists like Bruce Marshall. Only because scholarship can so completely fall a victim to the *Zeitgeist* as to be able to produce a work like Prof. Lake's, do we welcome and appreciate novels which, with a kindly smile, can expose the inanities of a *Zeitgeist* scholarship. It is surpassing strange and significant, too, that the only real value of a scholar's work should be the fact that it serves admirably to justify the production of a satirical novel.

Sounds and Symphonies

SCIENCE AND MUSIC. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1937. $2.75.

APPLIED music and the physics of music are two distinct fields, yet one is indispensable to the other. Without research in the field of the physics of music, applied music, as we enjoy it today, would not be possible. Lacking applied music as an outlet for its discoveries, research in the physics of music would lack a stimulus.

It is to be regretted, however, that those working in the field of applied music form two separate groups. One group does not understand and is frequently out of sympathy with the problems of the other. At times there seems to exist a no-man's land between the two groups. The present controversy in regard to musical instruments which derive their tonal impulse by electrical means is an illustration of this point.

Scientists have repeatedly made efforts to bring the two groups closer together by presenting their findings in simple language which even the layman might understand. In recent years a number of books on the physics of music have come off the presses both in this country and in Europe. The clearest of the lot is the book on which this review is based.

The author of the book does not belong to either group. He is on the sidelines. The science of music is not his special field, nor is he, as far as I can determine, outstanding in the field of applied music. He is, however, a scientist of high rank who has the ability to state scientific facts in simple language and the knack of giving lucid illustrations to scientific facts. His explanations of the physics of music, as they affect both the performer and the hearer, are easy to understand. For the most part he bases these explanations on the A. J. Ellis translation of the monumental work *Tonempfindungen,* by Helmholtz, and on Dayton C. Miller's book *The Science of Musical Sound.* (The Macmillan Co. 1934.)

Because of my connection with band and orchestra work, I read with particular interest the chapters dealing with the physical mechanism of musical instruments and with the theories of acoustics

Myrt' and Marge radio fame, the latter picture is probably nearer the truth.

3. Because it employs a penetrating wit in approaching much of the sham, inconsistency, and foolishness of Western living and emerges with some very practical suggestions for remedies. We liked particularly what he had to say about Western household furnishings, dress, food, haste, and play. Here the author's bias either does not or cannot intrude.

4. Because the author can write. He can make words stand up in a line to say things clearly, concisely, and wittily. Any writer who can keep you going page after page while he traces the origin of lyrical poetry and the subjection of women back to a primeval monkey gleefully hunting lice in a comrade's pelt, can, at least, teach us something about his art.

5. Because the book naïvely reveals the real reason for much of the modern 'revolt against Christianity'—a revolt that is largely based on a profound misunderstanding of our religion and a basic disinclination to submit to its moral restraints, rather than an intellectual inability to accept and believe. The last chapter in the book deals with 'Religion.' The author deals with it subjectively under the head: 'Why I am a Pagan.' It's a field day for the average confirmand. Either Mr. Lin Yutang is gleefully knocking over the strawman of his false conception of what Christianity teaches (e.g., No informed Christian believes in a heaven as the author imagines he believes in it); or else he is fleeing from a brand of Christianity that we, ourselves, decry. The author was born into a Chinese Christian family and was even launched on an education for the ministry. But he quit disgustedly because (1) "The theologians made the entire structure of Christian belief hang upon the existence of an apple," and (2) "When Adam and Eve ate an apple during their honeymoon, God was so angry that He condemned their posterity to suffer from generation to generation for that little offense but that, when the same posterity murdered the same God's only son, God was so delighted that He forgave them all," and (3) "It enraged me that Chinese believers should be required to believe categorically in this article (the Virgin Birth) before they could be baptized, while the theologians of the same church regarded it as an open question." We recommend the reading of even that chapter on 'Religion.'

6. Because, finally, this book may serve as a revelation to many a Christian that unwittingly his philosophy of life, too, has been much influenced by the general hedonistic principle that self-gratification in all its phases is the first right and duty of man. The reader will discover that, in the final analysis, this evolutionistic principle of the importance of living is basically the same as the philosophy underlying Mary Baker Eddyism, the Faith-healing cults, and the worst aspects of what goes on at Lourdes. All of them make Pain the Great Evil. And that question has been settled once and for all, long ago. Backing the century-long experience of humanity, remember how He said unto us, "Is not the life more than meat, and body than raiment?"—WALTER E. KRAEMER

Stearin, Glucose, and Destiny

MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY. By C. C. and S. M. Furnas. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 1937. $3.00.

IN THE first thirty-seven pages of this book about food Mr. and Mrs. Furnas get bogged down with the centuries. The manner in which they toss the million years through their pages is both disconcerting and bewildering. Very gracefully they bridge the gap between two million and four million years and make the dietetic foibles of the Heidelberg, Piltdown, and Rhodesian man quite human. Although dwelling so intimately with the past ten and twenty million years, the Furnases add the disarming note that all "these fragments, which would not fill a travelling

bag, are almost the total known remains of a million years of struggle, but it has been enough to serve as a background of many modern scholarly treatises and much sound reasoning."

THEREAFTER Mr. and Mrs. Furnas get down to solid facts, and one is not swung through past aeons in such hair-raising fashion. Beginning with Hippocrates they write the history of nutrition experts from the Italian, Spallanzani, who was the first to study the stomach juices, to Lavoisier, Karl von Voit, and the American giant, Russell Henry Chittenden. These men and a host of others isolated and studied the functions of carbohydrates, fats, and proteins, and the incidence of calcium, phosphorus, iodine, fluorine, manganese, and potassium in foods and the human body. They show that a good half of all our illnesses and other physical maladjustments are traceable to preventable dietary deficiencies. Calcium deficiency is one of the main causes for all tooth decay. Who knows what world history might have been if Lenin's teeth had a greater amount of calcium or what turn Roosevelt's crop control legislation might have taken if he had had more calcium in his boyhood!

The most fascinating and profound discovery in dietetics has been vitamins. Credit belongs, perhaps principally, to Dr. Christian Eijkman, a Dutchman, and to Casimir Funk, a young Pole, who extracted in 1911 a substance from rice hulls which he called Vitamine—Vita for life and amine for the relationship to amino acids. By the time Elmer Verner McCollum isolated Vitamin A at the University of Wisconsin, thousands of other researchers were hot after vitamins. Today the chemical formulæ of the vitamin groups A, B, C, D, and G are known. The others are still to be definitely determined. To discover the interrelation and consequent importance of all these is a monumental task.

Knowing the proper food and its constituency and what it can do to a person's body and mind is one thing, getting that food is something else. In America there are 20,000,000 people living near or below the line of nutritive safety. The Department of Agriculture estimates that if Americans are to have proper diets we must produce 43 per cent more eggs, 53 per cent more milk, 79 per cent more fresh vegetables, and 108 per cent more butter. In order to meet a liberal and above all adequate diet we could do with 14,500,000 pounds *less* flour and cereals and 5,000,000 pounds *less* sugar, but we would need absolutely 12,200,000 more quarts of milk annually, 4,800,000 pounds of tomatoes and citrus fruits. To obtain this food would require a substantial raising of the real wage level. Some one will have to solve the economics of food distribution and production together with future population trends.

The implications of these demands are tremendous. There will be a revolution in agriculture the day all this is realized, understood, and brought into practice. The bonanza wheat farms will be a memory. Already the demand for citrus fruits is rising. More vegetables and dairy products are being eaten. Mr. Louis Hacker, one of the younger historians, has shown that present day agriculture is doomed unless farmers can meet changing conditions brought about by new dietary standards and the stabilization of population growth. He writes that "first, the lag between agriculture and industry has been overcome with the result that farming techniques have definitely improved. . . . Second, the slowing of population growth in the United States, because of lower birthrates and immigration stoppage, has definitely restricted the size of the domestic market. . . . Third, there have been decided dietary changes particularly from beef, veal, wheat flour, and corn meal to pork, milk, sugar, and vegetables."

It is furthermore an item of tremendous significance that a meal today represents less expenditure of human effort and money than in the past. What is not spent

for essentials will be spent for something else than sustenance. The way in which this money will be spent can be used as an index to the social efficiency of our civilization. The time may come when the empty stomach will become less and less of a motivating factor for the human race. The authors add the warning note: "There is the possibility that it may not be altogether desirable, for when crude pressure of mere existence is relieved it is very easy to slip into a mere dilettante and aimless attitude toward life. We may degenerate into a group of unmotivated triflers, largely because it has become an easy matter to acquire sufficient food."

These are some of the facts of man's rendezvous with food. What the years will bring in dietary discoveries and the distribution of food to the vast population areas still suffering from malnourishment is hard to determine. For the individual there are certain known facts about food that can add to his well-being, providing his income is above the subsistence level. Carl Malmberg's *Diet and Die,* which the authors quote, gives this as a recipe for every possible chance of health: first eat what you should, then what you want. "Should" foods are milk, fruit, vegetables, and eggs. It is a lamentable fact that most cookbooks are centered around food preparation instead of food nutritive values.

This book is furnished with an excellent index, is thoroughly documented, but is marred in many places by a playing down to the galleries for laughs, an inevitable danger that comes when trying to popularize a scientific subject. For those who cannot afford the price of the volume, the U. S. Departments of Agriculture and Commerce furnish free bulletins on almost every phase of man and bread.

Tragic Saga

HELL ON ICE—The Saga of the *Jeannette.* By Commander Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 1938. $2.75.

THIS BOOK, the first edition of which was printed in 110,000 copies, is fittingly dedicated to Emma Wotton de Long, widow of the hero, who commanded the ill-fated *Jeannette* on her tragic voyage in search of the North Pole. The story is a most dramatic one, the reading of which will impress upon our generation in an unforgettable manner the handicaps that faced the early Arctic explorers and the rare courage that was required to enter upon such an undertaking. Place the primitive flying machine of the Wright brothers side by side with the latest model "China Clipper," and you have a fitting comparison between the *Jeannette* and her equipment and that of the *City of New York* under Commander Byrd.

To most of us the expedition of the *Jeannette* has been an unknown page of polar history because it was buried in obscure books and official files and records. Two Congressional committees investigated the *Jeannette's* fate; parts of De Long's journal were published; other members of the crew published their accounts of the expedition. Commander Edward Ellsberg has done us all a service by resurrecting the story from these musty documents and telling it in an honest, forthright manner. By relating the narrative in the first person, making George Wallace Melville, chief engineer of the expedition, the spokesman, the author has added materially to its realism; by this device anachronisms have also been more easily avoided.

Sixty years ago it was thought that Greenland reached to the North Pole and that Wrangel Island probably extended to Siberia. Just what the conditions were north of Bering Strait was a mystery. It was supposed that a branch of the Japanese current flowed north and that there might be, at least in the summer season, open water to the pole itself. The *Jeannette's* expedition was planned for the purpose of determining the facts hidden in the mystery of the frigid North.

James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald,* who had eight years before

sent his foreign correspondent, Henry Moreland Stanley, into the darkest Africa to find the intrepid David Livingstone, was the sponsor of this expedition, which left San Francisco on July 8, 1879. The *Jeannette* owned by Bennett, was commissioned as a ship of the Navy. Bennett paid the expenses, but Captain George Washington De Long and the other officers, even the newspaper representatives, sailed as U. S. Navy seamen. Whatever means Bennett had used to persuade the Hayes Administration to give the expedition naval backing, they were not sufficient to convince the naval officers that it was not foolhardy to send the crude, clumsy, though strongly reinforced, *Jeannette* into the Arctic. When the ship steamed out of San Francisco Bay amid the cheers of civilians and the salutes of the Army, "not a single naval vessel, not a single naval officer, took part in the ovation."

The voyage from San Francisco began under a cloud when it was found that the *Jeannette* consumed five tons of coal a day and made only four knots an hour with her engines. On the other hand, without the engines, but with all sails spread, she was almost unmanageable in the face of a stiff breeze. Slowly the ship made her way to Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands, to St. Michaels in the bleak Norton Sound, then through heavy storms on the shallow Bering Sea to St. Lawrence Bay on the coast of Siberia, thence northwestward until she was frozen in, already on September 6, just eastward off Herald Island, far south of the Pole and even south of the waters regularly visited by whalers. Thus began the first dreadful winter for officers and crew. In constant danger of having their ship crushed between moving ice-floes, fighting scurvy by drinking ill-tasting lime-juice, distilling sea-water to keep up their drinking supply, living in cramped quarters with the ship tilted by the ice to an angle of ten degrees, so that at meals the plates had to be held with one hand to keep them from sliding to the floor, days and nights made hideous by the loud cracking of timbers in a temperature of forty below zero, and the crushing of ice blocks piled higher than their ship by the movement of the floes against each other and the vessel and threatening to crash down on her at any moment—all these and many other items taken together made up the daily routine of these men for almost two years while their ship drifted slowly northwestward with the ice. At last she broke free, but leaked like a sieve, until another ice-pack crushed her like a huge nutcracker, heaved her almost out of the water, and opened again to let her sink!

THIS, however, proved to be only the beginning of their heart-breaking, nerve-racking experiences. Loading their three boats (weighing four tons) on sledges, and carrying three and a half tons of food, the crew had to pull and push these over the rough ice and from floe to floe in the hope of finally reaching Siberia 500 miles away. In eight days they covered five and a half miles, only to find that the drifting ice mass had carried them twenty-five miles farther north. The story becomes one of horror and stoical courage. One third of the men became sick, one had become blind, one finally went mad. The last part of the journey, after about three months of agony on the ice, could be made by boat. One boat with its crew was lost in a storm, the other two made Siberia at the Lena Delta, but so far apart that neither group knew if the other had landed. Melville's party stumbled on a native village and were saved. Melville then set out in search of the others and finally found only the remains of De Long and his companions. It is very commendable on the part of Commander Ellsberg that he used admirable restraint in telling the conclusion of the tragic saga.

Commander Edward Ellsberg, an honor graduate of our Naval Academy, did active service until his voluntary retirement a few years ago. In 1925 he was Salvage Officer for the submarine S-51, for the raising of which he received the Distin-

guished Service Medal from the Navy. Though retired, he volunteered for service to raise the S-4, during which he almost lost his life. He is the author of *On the Bottom, Pigboats,* and other books. He spent three years in gathering the materials for, and writing, the present volume.

Heine Through Untermyer Glasses

HEINRICH HEINE, PARADOX AND POET. By Louis Untermyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1937 2 vols. The Life, $3.75. The Poems, $2.75. Both, boxed, $6.00.

MODERN biography is not pretty. It has a bent towards fault-finding, brassy rhetoric, and itching ears. If there is an evil, it is exposed to view, often with wide-angle lens and with the implication that this is the real man; if there is a good point, it is exposed to ridicule and skeptical interpretation, or damned with faint praise. It writes over gaps with the facility of a pink-paper journalist. It makes a rattling story with sales appeal, but it carries about it the caution-rousing scent of subjective analysis. All of which augurs in the reader an approach equipped with salt, antiseptic, and the charity which covers a multitude of sins.

Untermyer, in Heine's *The Life,* does not cover them. Not that he drops to the level of the china-crashing bulls who make their stalls in the hall of fame. He is too fine a poet himself and too intelligent an interpreter to be a muckraker. In tone the book does have at times a soggy ring, but the character of the subject explains that. The poet-biographer did not need to turn up mole hills to make his man mountain. Heine's life as a target for criticism is as vulnerable as the provincial barn-door. It is not a case of poet Untermyer dirtying the nest of his own tribesman,—"the poor, sick Jew" has done that himself.

The genius, whose lyric purity ranks the name of Heine with the great in German literature, does not rate a like grace in the life that housed it. The heart that set a new high for the German *Liederkranz* sang from under a bedrot of punky leaves and broken blossoms. The pen that flowed with sweet-sounding words of beautiful euphony and touching appeal could also drip with bitter invective, biting ridicule, sour wit, and sacrilege. The title is fitting, "Paradox and Poet." He was, in the puzzled summary of biographers, an Israelite and a backslider, a mocker and a Christian convert, a libertine and a devoted domestic, "the most tender of German poets and the most savagely cynical," one who laughed at sentiment but "whose tears would rise at the sight of something beautiful."

Heine's biography is not pretty. His footsteps in the sands of time cross no oasis, always thorns and burnings and mirages. Driven from pillar to post in youth, and from pills to poultices in his decline, he is driven again from page to page in his latest life by an unrelenting hand. One wonders, as the restless tale is told with a staccato succession of struggle, where the dove of the Muse ever found a place to alight. Certainly in *The Life,* as Untermyer paints it with fast strokes, like a turgid and turbulent sea, it would be difficult to pick up an olive branch.

Flashes of the Heinesque humor, with which the author strongly seasons his book, relieves the Odyssey. It is a cartooning humor as of the character in "Schnabelewopski" to whom he ascribes "a mouth which was a guillotine for every good name." It is a Twain-like humor as in a travel note of the Goettingen populace of whom he observes, they "may be divided into four categories: professors, students, Philistines, and rascals; but it is hard to draw the line that separates one class from the other." It is withering wit as in his comment on a conceited minor poet: "All

the women fall in love with him except the Muses." It playfully collides with French pedestrians just to hear their musical apologies—if one failed, "I could be certain he was one of my own countrymen; if a woman failed to smile I knew she had either eaten sauerkraut or read Klopstock in the original." But it could also be peevishly petty and profane.

Untermyer's history of Heine is a graphic candid camera picture of a great poet's private life, a life of struggle—talents early throttled by family disinterest, and idealized love broken by rejection and forever after discoloring his affections, poverty snuffing his ambitions, dissipations racking his health, pogroms confusing his patriotism, and exile in France leading to costly indulgences, a misfit marriage, homesickness, and a lingering death of years on what he called his mattress grave. Even his fame suffers an ironical twist. All the major nineteenth century composers set his lyrics to music—Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Rubinstein, Brahms. *Du bist wie eine Blume* has been sung in two hundred tunes to date. But a monument to Heine found no place in all Europe and stands today, forlorn, in Bronx obscurity, in an "uptown ghetto" of New York. *Die Lorelei* is still sung on every picnic ground of Germany but with words by "author unknown."

One has a feeling, too, there is a Heine the Unknown in *The Life.* In the chaos of character one misses a delineation compatible with the lyric heart whose songs live today. The pathos of the homesick exile of Israel, with his broken heart, broken health, and broken faith—it is all touched upon, of course, but rather with the heavy hand of the flagellant. The treatment is callous like the dissecting technique of a meat-cutter. There is a detachment about it as though Heine were being held out at arms length and shaken. One sees in the picture a cynical little Mr. Hyde struggling occasionally with a Jekyll flare for lyric expression, rather than the romanticist struggling with besetting failings of the flesh.

UNTERMYER'S extensive bibliography indicates a familiarity which probably warrants his treatment. One does, however, suspect an affinity with the modern critical bias which reconstructs a man mostly out of his faults and belittles or toys with his better moments. There is a trace of this, for example, in the subjective face-lifting of the spiritual elements in Heine. His religious status, cluttered with avowals and disavowals, apostasy from Judaism, superficial conversion to Christianity, dislike of ecclesiasticism, profane wit, and penitent inversions, presents what is probably the greatest enigma about him. Certainly it is difficult in so soul-reaching a problem to draw conclusions with finality. There is a definite period of spiritual calm in Heine's latter days, which the biographer clearly reveals but gives a skeptical evaluation, partly on the basis of the poet's own flippant contradictions. Nevertheless, however this or that recalcitrant quip of tongue or pen may sound, probably old habit sparks out of an old knot, there is a sincere ring in the confessional epilog written to a last work, the *Romancero,* where Heine opens himself to say:

"Lying on one's death-bed one becomes sensitive and sentimental, anxious to be at peace with God and the world. I have not been a lamb: I have scratched some and bitten others. . . . Since I myself am in need of God's grace, I have granted all my enemies an amnesty. . . . I have made my peace with God's creatures and their Creator, even though my enlightened friends reproach me for backsliding into the old superstitions, as they like to refer to my home-coming to God. . . . Yes, I have come to God, like the prodigal son, after herding the Hegelian swine for many years."

In an appending *Monolog on a Mattress,* which is Untermyer's interpretation of the poet's death-bed thoughts, a sentence is contained which quite possibly ex-

presses Heine's return to religion with more truth than the author intends:

"When health is all used up, when money goes,
When courage cracks and leaves a shattered will,
Then Christianity begins."

Heine's last spiritual utterance, made the day before his death, was, *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son metier.* Who can tear the shroud from the soul to reach so deep, to imply, as the biographer does in the *Monolog:* "But this is jesting."

Five hundred translations of Heine by Untermyer form a companion volume. It is a labor of years. Read without comparison with the originals, they have flow, color, and appeal. It is Untermyer's gift in them. They are poems in their own right. But beside the German, they lack the symphony of words which is Heine's genius. That is untranslatable, as the translator himself intimates. *Du bist wie eine Blume* is musical; but *Child, you are like a flower* is flat. The warm tones are lost in the translation, and something of the warm heart that sang them seems lost in the interpretation. The biographer himself concludes, "He has not yet been defined."
—H. RISCHE

Here Is America

UPPER MISSISSIPPI. By Walter Havighurst. Illustrated by David and Lolita Granahan. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York. 1937. $2.50.

UPPER MISSISSIPPI is the second in a series of twenty-four volumes which are to present the history of America as the history of its noted rivers. Constance Linsday Skinner, the editor of the series and herself a noted student of American folkways, writes in explanation of this publishing venture: "The natural rhythm moving the pioneer life of America forward was the rhythm of flowing water. It is as the story of American rivers that the folk sagas will be told." To accomplish this purpose the historians of the rivers are to be primarily poets and novelists, people with the essential quality of vision and imagination.

Mr. Havighurst, who is a native of the Upper Mississippi region and the author of two novels, was assigned the task of telling the story of the region where the Mississippi as a tiny creek in the northern Minnesota woods makes its beginning. Unfortunately he falls down on the assignment. Either he did not have sufficient grasp of his material or else the magnificent role the Mississippi has played in the development of the Middle West has escaped him. Of the early explorers and missionaries, he makes little or no mention. Surely Hennepin, Marquette, de la Verendrye, and La Salle deserve more than just a cold listing. These men are an intimate part of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Dakota folk history.

Mr. Havighurst devotes the greater part of his book to the second coming of the Vikings to the Upper Mississippi region. He tells the almost legendary story of Cleng Peerson who came to America in 1821 and, discovering this was good land, returned to Norway to carry the gospel of free and abundant acres to the Norwegians. In 1824 the first Norwegians, hailing from Stavanger, set sail in the sloop *Restaurationen* for America. The fifty souls, all of them Quakers, settled near Rochester on the shores of Lake Ontario. Nine years later Cleng Peerson led them to Illinois and from there on to the regions which this book is supposed to describe.

We are also told the story of the Swede mystic, Eric Jansen, who rebelled against all the orthodox forms of Lutheranism in his home country and was finally booted out of Sweden. Jansen adopted the New World as the land where freedom and holiness might be found in perpetuity. In Henry County, Illinois, now Bishop Hill, Eric Jansen established a colony for his followers. One of the first buildings erected was a tabernacle seating over a thousand people. Strangely enough this colony was financially successful and at-

tracted immigrants by droves. After Jansen's death doctrinal dissension split the colony at Bishop Hill. In the end property worth over a half million dollars was divided among four hundred and fifteen shareholders who scattered into Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa.

Then there is the story of Nils Otto Tank, a young Norwegian aristocrat under the influence of Count von Zinzendorf and his Herrnhuters, who established a colony at the mouth of the Fox River on Green Bay. He was one of those strangely enlightened aristocrats, of whom there was a countless procession to American shores in the nineteenth century, who hoped to establish a Utopia or a private duchy.

One follows the story of how this northern country of prairies and forests was opened as the Greeks must have heard, no matter how badly, Homer recited. Roads were painful paths through thickly wooded regions. There was need for a Paul Bunyan and his faithful blue ox Babe. Or else roads were winding trails across the prairies of tall grass and swampy creek bottoms. Along these roads travelled the Red River carts, wheels six feet high and rims three inches wide. Axle grease was a luxury and affectation. The load of furs and whiskey was never complete until the wheels shrieked at every turn. The noise of an approaching caravan of Red River carts could be heard for miles. And who has not heard the fantastic legend of Jay Cooke escorting Lord Gordon across the Dakota prairies in the hope of selling him $5,000,000 worth of prairie sod?

From these beginnings, part legend, part truth, grew the states of the Middle West, states which are perhaps America's last hope for the survival of democracy. This book, however, must be stamped as a disappointment and as an inconsequential record despite the author's apparent study of source material. This study is a mere suggestion of what really could be done.

A region that can produce a Maxwell Anderson, Frank Lloyd Wright, the LaFollette family, the St. Olaf choir, Minnesota's football team, Sinclair Lewis, Westbrook Pegler, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Grant Wood, the Mayo brothers, Ruth Suckow, cooperative funeral parlors and butcher shops, Frederick Jackson Turner, and blind pigs deserves a more thorough and searching attention than Mr. Havighurst has given it. Such a study of the roots should be touched with a profound, almost religious imagination.

NO STORY of the Upper Mississippi region is complete without a study of the political movements and leaders that have swept across the country at various intervals. Populism, General John Weaver, the Nonpartisan League, A. C. Townley, the Farmers' Union and the Farm Holiday Association, and now the rise of the cooperative movement are more than passing items. They are all significant. In citing source material it is saddening to note that Mr. Havighurst overlooked *The Populist Revolt* by John D. Hicks, certainly a study which in many ways discusses Upper Mississippi folk habits more convincingly than the present volume.

Nor does Mr. Havighurst dwell on the role of the Lutheran church, German and Scandinavian, in the development of these states. It is almost unbelievable that he dared overlook the heroic feats of the early missionaries in their work of establishing the Church, of initiating astounding educational ventures in the wilderness so that now the Upper Mississippi region is dotted with colleges, seminaries, and universities. Not that these men alone fostered education but they at least kept alive the leaven of culture in the Northwest. For years the states clustering around the source of the Mississippi have had the lowest illiteracy rate in the United States.

There are more defects in the book. One might quarrel over his inclusion of North and South Dakota in the Mississippi tradition. These states as well as Montana and Nebraska belong to the Missouri River country. Their legends and

traditions are more intimately bound up with that stream than with any other.

The reviewer feels that the story of the Upper Mississippi is of such importance that when it is written some day the book will become a part of the national literature, just as Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* has. The zeal and emotion must be there in abundance to breathe life into a saga which will in many ways be a recapitulation with mighty American overtones of the story of other great world rivers, the Thames, the Nile, and the Seine. For in the country of the Upper Mississippi there is a country and civilization that is perhaps the nearest approach to the ideas of a militant democracy as envisioned by the Great Democrat, Walt Whitman. Here is America. Here are America's roots. Here, from Bemidji, Minnesota to St. Charles, Missouri, is where the America of the next hundred years will have its origin.

Edge of Knowledge

OUTPOSTS OF SCIENCE. By Bernard Jaffe. Simon & Schuster, New York. 1935. $3.75.

FOR the lay person, who "finds himself in a maze of quasi-scientific beliefs, Sunday supplement panaceas, anhydrous academic treatises, and plain facts hidden in the forbidding vestments of highly technical jargon," Bernard Jaffe has written this book. From genetics to galaxies, it is the story of thirteen different fields of scientific research, a brilliant tale of things already accomplished and of intriguing problems still lying ahead, told with all the enthusiasm and vigor we are led to anticipate after *Crucibles* of 1930, which won for the author the Francis Bacon Award. Again Bernard Jaffe has demonstrated his ability to humanize knowledge.

An account of the procedure followed in obtaining this material inspires confidence in its authoritativeness. For four years the author read widely and traveled extensively. He visited fifty of the most important research laboratories in the United States and interviewed specialists in each field. Upon completion of the individual sections, each was returned for correction and revision to the man whose work is described. *Outposts of Science* is really "A Journey to the Workshops of Our Leading Men of Research."

The discussion of genetics, which very appropriately opens the book, centers about the laboratory of Thomas Hunt Morgan, where Drosophila, the common fruit fly, lends its chromosomes and genes. From hundreds of generations of this tiny insect Morgan has made significant mathematical observations regarding inherited tendencies. His work inspires some hope for the attainment of further knowledge, but the author remains conservative in his claims for this science when he concludes, "In no other field of science has so much rubbish been published about the potentialities of eugenics. At best, it is still a pseudo-science, and its most optimistic champions might justly be classified with the phrenologists and astrologers of bygone ages."

The story of anthropology excites controversy, but it is commendable that this chapter is a description of the many attempts to follow the fossil trails of human life and the differences of opinion they aroused, rather than an enthusiastic support of any one set of conclusions. Sensing the author's sympathy, however, with the aims and claims of Ales Hrdlicka, we cannot refrain from recalling the words of Robert Millikan, "It is the business of science to doubt, and it always does so long as there is any room left for uncertainty."

The subject of physical diseases and the special treatment of cancer and glands are likely to have a wider appeal than any other sections of the book. The development of susceptibility tests and the progress of immunology are phases of medical research followed with an eye as

hopeful today as it was skeptical yesterday. With William H. Welch at Johns Hopkins University the leading force in the United States, there is great drama in the stirring account of efforts to eradicate these diseases.

One out of ten men after the age of thirty-five and one out of five women after this age die of cancer in the United States. Though we emerge from the reading of this chapter with the realization that the fundamental problems, such as causes, early diagnosis, and cure are still veiled in obscurity, there is the thrill of having glimpsed true romance. For forty years, in her three-story house on the campus of the University of Chicago, Maud Slye has bred more than ten thousand mice in the study of the relation of heredity to the occurrence of cancer. On the basis of complete records of each indivdual, she has produced many generations of cancer-free mice and proposes a similar procedure for the control of human cancers. With dramatic intensity worthy of a spirited biography the author describes the persistence which characterizes the work of this great woman in the face of personal and financial indifference.

Again Johns Hopkins University leads, this time with the work of John Jacob Abel, whose study of glands is making endocrinology one of the most alluring fields of research. With fascinating detail the author relates how from an ignoble beginning glandular therapy has risen to be relied upon in the treatment of goiter, cretinism, diabetes, and other deficiency diseases. Its further possibilities are suggested in the discussion of mental diseases, those complex and mysterious confusions of the mind which have stimulated Freud's psychoanalysis and Meyer's psychobiology.

For a world that has become food-conscious the chapter on vitamins is very stabilizing; and while our attention is still on nutrition, we join the entomologists in their breathless chase to overtake our most threatening competitors, the insects.

At this point Mr. Jaffe shifts the emphasis from man to the universe, and considers the work of Millikan, Compton, and Einstein. The structure of the atom, with its reluctant unveiling of electrons, protons, neutrons, and deutrons, as well as the perplexing interrelation of matter and radiation are described in simple terms. The attempts to smash the atom set off exciting dreams of an amazing source of energy, so that together with the author we are ready to say, "Scientific research is a great adventure, and winning is not the only reason for playing the game."

THE profound significance of cosmic rays is revealed in the author's comment upon the work of Robert A. Millikan, of whom he says, "Millikan like Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, Rayleigh, Pasteur, Pupin, and many other eminent scientists has a virile faith. He . . . holds that the creation of cosmic rays is proof that 'the Creator is still on the job.'" Arthur H. Compton, associated with Millikan in the study of the nature and origin of cosmic rays is quoted: "Science is the glimpse of God's purpose in nature, and the very existence of the amazing world of the atom and radiation points to a purposeful creation, to the idea that there is a God and an intelligent purpose back of everything."

The relation between solar radiation and the weather is considered in chapters XI and XII. Through the spectroscopes and telescopes of George Ellery Hale we are permitted to view rare elements, sunspots, and other puzzling riddles of the sun. Through solar photography, achieved at the age of twenty-three, Hale opened the science of astrophysics to exact research.

The final chapter on Galaxies reveals an immensity of space, a bewildering universe, and three prevailing concepts thereof. From Copernicus to Hubble few fundamental questions have been answered, as indicated by the observation of Harlow Shapley: "Although in the

last twenty years our knowledge of the sidereal world has more than doubled, the list of things we want to know has trebled or quadrupled, leaving us relatively more ignorant than heretofore."

The final note, however, is not pessimistic. Human nature, the author says, impelled by its all-consuming curiosity, will continue to attack the intricate puzzles of life. Even the lay reader of *Outposts of Science* is at least somewhat equipped to proceed, by way of any of the 36,000 scientific journals, with the march of science, which, as Millikan puts it, "walks on two feet, namely, theory and experiment. Sometimes it is one foot which is put forward first, sometimes the other, but continuous progress is made only by the use of both."
—RUTH SEIDEL.

Palatable History

YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE. By Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1937. $3.00.

AS I understand it, a historical novel may serve a double purpose: 1) We are to be entertained with details about the mighty woven around a plot that a historian for lack of space or imagination must omit; at the same time we are to use these details as items of comparison with sundry modern personages. 2) Certain suspicions the reader has always held regarding historical events and persons may either be removed or strengthened.

In most histories the progress of history seems to proceed with a dogmatic finality that is disconcerting to anyone acquainted with contemporary affairs. Heinrich Mann writes here the development of a human being against the background of vicious religious wars and the dawning of a social consciousness in the political world. Henry of Navarre, later King Henry IV, weaves his way through the maze of Huguenot and Catholic intrigues for thirty-six years before he receives the French crown in 1589. From the day of his birth, his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, teaches her son that some day he will succeed the Valois house which is already decaying.

Before young Henry can become King he must reckon with Catherine de Medici, a crafty witch who sits in her chambers in the Louvre spinning plots and compromises to favor her own house. During his youth, Henry lives in turn at the French court, a greater part of the time a royal prisoner. He is considered a buffoon, a fool, and a dissipated wretch. He is a Huguenot. Then he flees the dissolute court and rallies to his banner several Huguenot armies. He wins battle after battle, and when Charles IX is mortally stabbed by a mad Jacobin monk, he becomes the new French king. He will rule for twenty-one years.

Young Henry of Navarre slept during the night of the Saint Bartholomew massacre. The screeches of human vultures tearing at the flesh of Huguenots hardly troubled his sleep in the royal rooms of the Louvre. The Duke of Guise and Catherine murdered the dying Admiral de Coligny. Henry's conscience disturbed him, but he could do nothing. He was married to Margaret Valois, Charles' IX sister. The marriage was a failure.

Against this background of clashing swords, poisonings, palace intrigues, perverted revels, Heinrich Mann shows us the development of a French Hamlet. The parallels between young Navarre and Hamlet are remarkable. Whether it was Mann's deliberate intention to write another Hamlet is doubtful, since the very nature of young Henry was that of a Hamlet. Young Henry swears to accomplish the revenge of his mother who had been poisoned by Catherine. He feigns madness to his wife and to the courtiers. He watches the foul drama at the French court in a brooding melancholy. He is uncertain about the course of history and debates within himself the meaning of all life. There is a ghost, Admiral de Coligny,

walking the battlements of a provincial castle. Although the ghost is a deliberate bit of stage trickery designed to catch Henry in treason, we see Henry debating with the ghost and with himself. The implications of the ghost-scene shake him to his soul.

Heinrich Mann takes us to the point beyond Hamlet's death. He shows us a Hamlet sobered and graying at the temples, a Hamlet faced with the slobbering frenzy of Charles IX and the imminent ruin of the French nation. Young Henry must become firm and put aside all indecisiveness. But throughout all his wanderings as a fugitive from the League of Paris and despite his dissipations, Henry remains a Protestant. He believes in the sanctity of the individual. When at last he was able to publish the Edict of Nantes which guaranteed religious freedom to minorities in France, he was merely accepting what one Michel de Montaigne had told him one evening, over a bottle of wine, about the futility of all religious wars, the transitoriness of all of life. This gentle scepticism of Montaigne became his creed as a king. In his inability to be dogmatic lies perhaps the reason why much of young Navarre's life was bent with uncertainties. Perhaps when Scaliger said that Henry was incapable of fixing his mind on the future for more than a quarter hour he was pointing to Henry's inevitable failure as a *great* ruler.

If one seeks a parallel to modern situations there is the Duke of Guise who organized the League of Paris to overthrow the Valois so that he might become king. His raving fanaticism and his frenzied followers turned the streets of Paris into a mad carnival of debauchery in the name of religion and patriotism. It was at the instigation of his sister that Jacques Clement, a half-insane monk, murdered Charles IX. It was also upon her insistence that Cardinal Mayenne attempted to kill Henry of Navarre in ambush. All this pseudo-nationalism and patriotism was purchased with the gold pistols of Philip of Spain.

Heinrich Mann has, until recently, been known in this country as the brother of Thomas Mann. In Europe he has a following that is large and loyal. This novel should win him a solid group of readers in our country. *Young Henry of Navarre* is a novel that contains learning and an apt marshalling of historical facts. One may quarrel with the fact that young Henry is an intellectual conception and that there is an uneven technical development in his character. But Mann's minor characters are very often a triumphant fusion of emotion and intellect. Particularly his studies of Charles IX, Montaigne, Coligny, the Duke of Guise, the Jacobin monk, and the various Huguenot pastors are true character creations.

The period Heinrich Mann portrays in this novel is one of the birth of an idea and the inherent struggle to realize that idea: religious and political toleration. Characters must almost necessarily be fluid, uncertain, drifting.

Unfortunately the novel is marred by a too realistic description of the immoralities of the day. It cannot, therefore, be recommended for the young. For the mature, however, who are interested in the historical novel, it is a good example of novelized history.

Moscow Anniversary

MOSCOW NEWS—Weekly Edition of *Moscow Daily News* November Seventh Anniversary Issue 1937. Editorial Office: Petrovsky Pereulok 8, Moscow, USSR

SOME day this edition of the *Moscow Daily News* will have value either as an historical curiosity or as a document comparable to our own *Federalist*. The issue might be dismissed as another bad example of Third International propaganda. That would be unfair to the progress of a phenomenon developing right under our eyes. There are a number of

headlines in this anniversary issue like

SOVIET POLICY REMAKES CRIMINAL CITIZENS INTO HONEST CITIZENS

FACTORIES AS UNIVERSITIES

THE RIGHT TO REST

A NEW WORLD FOR WOMEN

ESPIONAGE REACHES NEW HIGH

HAPPY DAUGHTER, HAPPY DADDY IN THE HAPPY KAZAKH REPUBLIC

might make the more sophisticated Westerner smile, especially after he has been thoroughly conditioned by the journalism of the Hearst, Scripps-Howard or Gannett newspapers.

Underneath however one cannot forget the basic fact that an immense country inhabited by hundreds of nationalities is being welded into a unit whose ethical structure has been laid by the dialectic of a German philosopher, Georg Hegel, and a German economist exiled to London, Karl Marx. Crudities in this edition are glaringly obvious. The comrades will have a ready answer to our objections. Perhaps the day will come when Comrade Stalin's Russians will be just as sophisticated and sleek in their journalism as we are. In the meantime one reads here that Shostakovich, the brilliant young Russian composer, has been absolved of his heresies and that Moscow's music critics are eagerly awaiting the playing of his new Fifth Symphony composed in honor of the 20th anniversary of the October Revolution. How Shostakovich managed to slough off the taint of western bourgeois music we don't know. But he did.

Before accepting the new Utopia so ecstatically described in this anniversary edition, it is perhaps wiser to sit on the country store cracker barrel and contemplate the creakings of American democracy with an admixture of wisdom and thankfulness.

Virtues of Understatement

DARK ISLANDS. By John W. Vandercook. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1937. $3.50.

TRAVEL books as a rule cause a reviewer to open the floodgates of adjectives. Leading a sedentary bourgeois life the reviewer is apt to change rôles with the traveller or explorer, add a few plush adjectives, and generally heighten the adventures of the man who wrote the book. John W. Vandercook has written an uncommonly good travel book of a journey to New Guinea, the Fiji and the Solomon Islands. His modesty disarms the critic.

For no particular reason except that he and his wife felt restless in their Manhattan apartment, the John Vandercooks embark from Los Angeles for the tropics. Eventually they reach, via the Hawaiian islands, the Fiji islands. They travel casually among the native tribes. Vandercook does not claim to be an anthropologist, but his notes on vanishing tribal customs are thorough. He does not, for one thing, indulge in nostalgic memories about the primitive man abused by the white man's civilization. Indeed, he shows that the primitive man ardently desires to be like the white man in every respect. Unfortunately the native of these dark islands discovers that the civilizing process leads him into very obscure and tangled thickets from which the paths are unclear and the end out of sight.

On the surface a primitive community may seem simple. Even a casual study of the workings of such a community, not to mention the profound work of Malinowski, Mead, and others, will show that it functions through a marvelous interaction of parts. Vandercook does not idolize the primitive man. He claims in passing that Christianity has been an especially strong contributing factor toward civilization in the tropics.

As though to confound those who dream fondly of retiring to some South

Sea island, Vandercook shows that life in the primitive areas is one burdened with countless worries. Raising food is a problem. Agriculture has no season of comparative leisure as in the American midwest. Food-getting requires many more hours per year than the Western farmer would ever dream of using. Consequently there is not much fundamental gaiety of spirit. Primitive men and women are neither gay nor exuberant but seriousminded. Life is a burdensome round of *tabus*, rains, and lack of sufficient food.

Vandercook describes the missionaries as rather miserable creatures, wearing scratchy underwear and dour faces. Their Calvinistic outlook on life turns everything they touch into ashes. He has the decided impression that most missions in that part of the world are too elaborately subsidized, and that Christianity, as practised among and by the savages, is a surface phenomenon. He tells some pathetic stories. He claims that, if there were closer supervision from home offices, there would be less abuse in the tropical mission fields. He writes that one of the finest coconut estates in the western Pacific operates under the official title of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus."

As one reads Vandercook's impressions of the dark islands where civilization is rare or unwanted, one can almost see why Conrad or Maugham have chosen so often the tropic Pacific islands as settings for their stories. In the tropics one encounters a special kind of success which is not material as a rule. Men seldom make fortunes in the tropics, but still they wish each year to show progress. When there is none they are gloomy. They have come a long way. Perhaps they have left the comfortable stagnation of western life because its repetitions bored them. One finds that tropic personalities, whether in the East or West, have a definiteness. The harsh sun clarifies outlines. Types and categories vanish. Individualism is strongly marked. Men all have a "story." That's why they are there. Characteristics are emphasized that at home in the mold of an accustomed life might never have emerged. Fame comes to them in the tropics, and with it there also arrive obligations, perhaps to be the acme of drunkenness or to have the best library.

The adventure ended on Malaita in the Solomon islands. It was a casual journey. Its recounting makes a good travel book. The prose is not only workmanlike and competent but decidedly readable. It is a rare tribute to a modern travel book to say that certain passages deserve re-reading. Usually travel books suffer from a plethora of adjectives. The reader obtains the impression of a rapturous schoolteacher seeing Mont St. Michel the first time and in seething frenzy writing home about it to bewildered relatives.

Shooting Wide

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEDOM. By Cecil John Cadoux. Independent Press, Ltd., London. 1937. $1.75.

WHEN I was a boy and lived in a small town, there was one sure way to raise the collective spinal hackles of the gang after every other ghost-telling method failed. Underneath the towers of the Roman Catholic church on the south side, and several reliable citizens vouched for the truth of the evidence, were at least two caches of machine guns, handgrenades, rifles, and assorted ammunition. When the tocsin rang at the appointed moment, all the Catholics, which included my marbles partner across the alley, would dash out and murder the Protestants. It was a fearsome thought. Every time I passed that church I could see those dim subterranean chambers under the twin towers filled with horrible weapons.

Maybe Cecil John Cadoux suffers from that childhood fear. Perhaps he has acquired the New Fear which makes the bravest sort of people look under beds, in labor unions, or at the Methodist church,

for Communists or Jesuits. He cites reams of evidence to prove that the Roman Catholic church will begin a new Inquisition at the drop of a cardinal's hat. He uses specious arguments to uphold maintenance by law of the English state church and the Protestant succession to the British throne. His accuracy and honesty is to be questioned when he accuses (p. 160) E. Boyd Barrett of spreading Roman propaganda. The whole book resolves itself into a debate over the relative merits of Roman Catholic or Protestant intolerance. It would have served as an admirable textbook for the Imperial Wizard and his Kleagles back in 1922.

Messy History

PROGRESS AND CATASTROPHE. By Stanley Casson, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York and London, 1937.

STANLEY CASSON defines progress as "a movement in the course of which something is picked up en route which transforms the progress into a triumphal procession." He is persuaded that all essential contributions to human advancement were made before recorded history began. Since it is the archaeologist who seeks to discover what evidences may be found concerning life in pre-historic periods, it is also the archaeologist who alone is really in a position to speak authoritatively on progress.

The author is, as you may have guessed, an archaeologist, Reader in Classical Archaeology and Fellow of New College, Oxford. He has written a number of scholarly books on archaeology, history, and Greek and modern sculpture. Perhaps he should have continued to write about sculpture instead of attempting to write about progress and catastrophe, for this volume betrays lamentable biases and prejudices. He tries to protect himself as a scientist by acknowledging that everything in his book is quite controversial in character and the result of inference and deduction. But once he has done that, he proceeds to speak with a deplorable air of finality.

He introduces the reader to the archaeological evidences found in the valley of the Avon River which flows from Salisbury to the sea. His imagination reconstructs what he believes the successive stages in human advancement to have been, much as did H. G. Wells in his *Outline of History.* Anyone who has read what this school of writers has had to say on this subject will not find anything particularly new in this imaginary account. The discovery of fire and the ability to make clubs and other instruments constitute the truly great moments in human progress. Compared with these "all subsequent developments are mere elaborations and improvements on a basic theme." The beginnings of man's moral consciousness, he believes, date from the time when man began to use his newly discovered instruments for purposes of self-protection. Co-operation made for life, isolation for death. Whenever material advancement outran moral development or failed to keep pace therewith, man experienced difficulty.

The Christian reader wonders what the author may believe Christianity's contribution to the advancement of man to have been. But that is simple. If Christianity contributed anything, as the writer alleges he has heard it said, it was the moral quality of pity. And even this is obsolete today, since the moral conditions of modern life eliminate pity as a thing of practical value.

The writer reviews what he believes archaeology to reveal as the Sumerian, Mycenaean, Minoan, Hittite, Greek, and Roman contributions to human advancement. He holds that there have been two great catastrophic set-backs in the history of civilization. The one came when the Hittites were wiped out and the other when the Roman Empire fell. He is also of the opinion that another catastrophe has

already come upon the world of today but that we are only gradually becoming aware of it. If humanity is to have hope and such civilization as still remains is to be preserved, we must place our reliance, the author believes, upon the intellectuals of the various nations. Hence, he applauds President Roosevelt's use of technically trained men in advisory and executive capacities.

The book may well be read with sustained interest. Many opinions expressed reveal interesting flashes of insight and move one to nod approval. The book as a whole, however, is disappointing, and its exaggerations as well as its understatements must be regarded as the product of one who with all his intellectual achievements has failed to see life in the whole and to appreciate its moral and spiritual aspects. His imagination is, as we have said, quite vivid. Perhaps he would have done better had he written avowed fiction rather than a book of fiction avowed to be scientifically accurate and factual. In other words: We would not buy *Progress and Catastrophe* for our library, if we were you.

★ ★ ★

Portrait

You bend to your task of sums and syntax
In the first siftings of this dusk,
While April rain quivers the white lilacs
And jewels the windows with a master's touch.
Outside, the hyacinths march in lavender rows
And the armies of grass lift green new spears
—Somewhere there stirs a dreaming rose.
But you bend resolutely to your papers and texts,
Never heeding how Beauty beckons with a song.
Oh, take care! Her patience is not overlong.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The MARCH Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

Harper's

We Lose the Next War

By ELMER DAVIS

Fantasia for Trumpets

By A. H. L. CARR

The issues of a foreign policy of isolation and one of coöperation are clearly evaluated by Elmer Davis. Whichever policy is followed, we are bound to lose in the next war. "We are going to lose it whether we go in or stay out. I believe we shall lose it less disastrously if we stay out." Altogether it is a very instructive presentation of the war problem and of the dilemma which our country faces in determining its foreign policy.

Fantasia for Trumpets is a story which effectively supplements the article of Elmer Davis. It illustrates the upheavals and the cruel divisions in the lives of our people which a European war makes inevitable, even when our country is endeavoring to maintain a policy of neutrality. One of the most poignant tragedies of our day is the fact that, despite the keen realization of the futile horror of war, the world seems nevertheless to be consciously and deliberately advancing toward what it knows is insanity.

Russia and the Socialist Ideal

By MAX EASTMAN

If the purpose of Soviet Russia has been to realize the Marxian ideals, it has failed completely. In maintaining this proposition the author criticizes the objectives of Marx as Utopianism, and suggests a revision of the Socialist ideal "in the light of science and the Russian experiment." This revision would include the elimination of the idea of "an omnipotent process of historic evolution," and throw out whatever is fantastic "in the light of modern biological and psychological knowledge, to say nothing of modern common sense." The last fitful years have certainly wrought havoc with the assumption of a progressive evolution and its optimism regarding the destiny of humanity. Coming from Max Eastman, this article is a significant indication of a present trend in liberal thought.

Business Finds Its Voice

By S. H. WALKER and PAUL SKLAR

This article concludes a series of three which have discussed in detail the methods and the means which business today is employing to mould public opinion in its favor. The use of the radio, the films, and of various coördinating groups and committees has been very fully described respectively in successive articles. It is abundantly evident that big business is keenly alive to its opposition and also to the possibilities of propaganda which modern science and organizational genius have placed at its disposal to gain control of the American mind. Money is no great object in this far flung campaign for a continued, undisturbed existence. The facts marshalled in these articles make it impossible to refrain from the observation that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

Forum

Science and the Standard of Living

By ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

Contemporary thought has not been too friendly to science as the economic and political cure-all. In this article, however, the famous physicist of Pasadena selects some fundamental scientific truths which a majority of voters must know and in harmony with which they must vote, if democracy and civilization are to be saved. The prime requisite is, of course, the knowledge and the application of the scientific method. A discussion of the basic economic fact that "the standard of living of any civilized country like ours is determined simply by the total quantity of goods and services produced" leads to the unescapable conclusion that economic well-being is increased by the creation "of more goods and services through the use of more science." To produce this result the American system of stimulus to private initiative and individual development is the most effective. None of the bright future which science envisions will, however, be realized, unless "we can clean up soon the foulest blot of all on our national life . . . the patronage system—the use of public funds for, and the prostitution of the public service to, political purposes. These are at the bottom of the present corruption of our American morals and the decay of our American ideals." We have a conviction that the eminent scientist has reached bottom too soon.

Is the Investor Helpless?

By BERNARD J. REIS

That the investor is in need of protection is the fact which this investigation makes clear. The proxy machine and the holding of stockholders' meetings in inaccessible places ("The Southern Pacific Company invites its 55,788 stockholders to journey to Spring Station, Kentucky, where the total population is norm-

ally 34.") are among the methods which keep the control of big business in the "right" hands. What flagrant abuse of corporate funds is possible at these meetings is demonstrated by Loews, Inc., which on a single day enhanced the compensation of its president, Joseph Schenck, "by the tidy sum of more than $1,000,000."

The article also reveals that the Securities and Exchange Commission is powerless to give adequate protection, because the Securities Act of 1933 provides only that all new issues to be sold in interstate commerce must be registered with the commission. Registration, however, does not indicate governmental approval nor does it guarantee the correctness of the registration statements filed with the commission. The investors must organize so that they will be able to utilize for their protection the information now made available by registration with the commission. This is the solution of the problem which the author proposes.

Scribner's

Jack Benny

By HUBBELL ROBINSON and TED PATRICK

This is a highly interesting article on Jack Benny, America's No. 1 Funnyman, who commands the top funnyman salary of $10,000 weekly for his extremely popular Jello-Hour. Mr. Benny has worked long and hard to reach this eminence as public entertainer. As we read the description of the painstaking care and effort put into the preparation of each weekly broadcast we were thoroughly convinced that it is serious business to be so funny that millions of listeners will tune in every Sunday night for more!

"don herold examines"

This regular department again presents the philosophisings of the inimitable Don Herold. We cannot refrain from quoting two of his paragraphs on "radicals": "Most radicals I have met have seemed to me to be activitated by what I would call an unexpected rush of premature first-generation intelligence to the head, coupled with a seizure of perpetual, jittery, school-girlish suspicions.

"They are hit all of a sudden by the dawn of intellect before they are able to handle it and before they have learned to wash behind the ears." Do they ever learn?

What We Like About Hollywood

By JOEL and GERTRUDE SAYRE

"For years writers have been coming back from Hollywood telling us what they disliked about the place," the Editor says, "so we asked two writers to give us a report on their likes." Two paragraphs of this report bring this:

"The courage and generosity of a large number of picture people in their efforts to further human decency."

"Silly Sights and Sounds: Dick Powell introducing H. G. Wells at a Screen Writers' Guild banquet. Mr. Powell spoke his little piece very nicely. Mr. Wells, apparently intimidated by the presence of so many fellow tradesmen, said, 'I think your party is darling,' and sat down abruptly." Perhaps Mr. Wells was trying to speak in the American vernacular!

American Mercury

The Truth About the Sharecropper

By B. L. Moss

A manager of thirty-three sharecropper families tells his story. It is decidedly not the story which the social reformers are telling. The author readily admits that sharecropping has its difficulties and hardships, but he denies that the sharecropper is denied economic opportunity under the present system. Furthermore, "in most cases, the landlord-sharecropper relationship is not an unfair or an unhappy one." The problems of sharecropping will be solved not by any kind of legislation, but by a return to that individualism which made America and the lack of which "is unmaking us now." Despite its evident bias and rather because of it, the article is enlightening. It is a view of sharecropping which helps to a clearer understanding of its problems.

The Wart that Shook the World

By Guy Gilpatric

Sir Morrell MacKenzie, the English specialist, who attended Frederick III and is said to have diagnosed the prince's cancer of the throat as a wart, was responsible for the rise of Anglophobia in Germany. He became involved in professional bickerings and jealousies with the German doctors on the case who blamed him for the Emperor's death. He also aroused the enmity of Frederick's son, the present Wilhelm, who then became "the highpriest of the cult of Anglophobia." In short, the English doctor, though dead, was really the man behind the guns in the World War. It is a good story. In fact, it seems too good a story to be the whole truth.

★ ★ ★

It was Alexandre Dumas, who in answer to the question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" replied, "Madam, I give all my time to it."

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Religious Books

SIR:

The rise in the supply and demand for religious books calls for some thought (CRESSET, December, 1937, p. 20). In this respect there seems to be an increased yearning for spiritual values. But we should distinguish between the semblance and the substance of things. An analysis of the books and an observation of the buyers helps to clarify the situation.

The topics covered in recent religious books indicate four divisions, viz.: I. Interpretation of the nature of religion and its application to social problems; II. Discussions of the relation of the Church to political theories and situations, such as Communism; III. Particular problems and functions of the Church, including biography; IV. Books for general reference.

The ordinary reader takes to what appeals to him. He usually agrees with the theological position of the book. A conservative viewpoint would hardly be acceptable to a liberal, and a modernist would have little time for a fundamentalist. Some book buyers buy gifts and others buy for their own perusal. The latter are the groping people who feel they are searching for the Ultimate Truth; hunting for the cause of things. There is also the customer who buys only because a book is advertised or because everybody else is buying it. These followers of the crowd become so numerous that they tend to become the crowd itself. The weakness of human nature is as evident in its reaction to religious material as otherwise.

ORVILLE GENSMER

Portland, Oregon

A Very New Angel

SIR:

Whatever else the following may be, it is true. It happened one night—

His mother wanted to buy him new shoes and a sweater for Christmas, but his father had insisted upon the sled. After all, a boy was only six years old once, he said. It was a very fine sled, especially for folks as poor as they were. It had the best of gleaming steel runners. It was equipped with a steering-rod for long hills. It was stream-lined in the best 1938 style. To buy that sled with their income was really a sacrifice. She had cheap salmon and thin soup for evening dinners for a while, and they ate a lot of pancakes without much syrup. He got up earlier and walked to work through the cold, dark mornings before Christmas. But the boy meant so much to them that it was all terribly worthwhile.

Despite its grandeur, a big truck hit the sled the other night. It was thrown against a telegraph pole and lay twisted and broken—a thing of death, while the boy's mother gathered him up swiftly and left a tiny trail of blood across the snow to the doctor's office. She was white-faced, and her lips were tight while the doctor shook his head. But the utter defeat in her eyes was only momentary. She knew Christ—well.

Now the boy's father, a simple shoe worker, had been brought up without knowing that Christ was anything except a word to add emphasis to certain harsh words. There was the anguish of hopeless

despair in his face, the moan of helplessness in his voice, while he said over and over, "You shouldn't 'a' let me buy the sled. You should'da got the shoes and the sweater. But I only wanted he should have fun and be happy."

With her rough hands gripping the telephone tightly, the mother gave simple directions about the small body already growing cold. The father sat, a dismal, huddled figure, his head in his hands. When the mother finished, she looked once more behind the curtain the nurse had drawn around the examining table. Gently, as from a distance, she said, "He's happy now, Joe."

Perhaps she didn't completely understand what she believed and felt—who does?—but her eyes were bright, her coarsened, ungloved hands held something close to her heart that couldn't be seen. It seemed that she was seeing the Manger-child light stars for her baby, as she had lighted small bulbs in their meagre home. It seemed she wasn't thinking about an empty crib in a dingy bedroom, but a manger of glory. It seemed she felt the small, blue blanket she had washed and mended so often was a very poor substitute for the warmth and splendor he knew now.

Tiny rivulets of tears gathered in the folds of her shabby coat collar, but she stood quietly awed in the presence of a very new angel, and the glory of Heaven was in her face.

RICKA KLEIN REETZ
St. Louis, Missouri

He's in Again

SIR:

1. THE CRESSET has improved.
2. THE CRESSET must continue to improve.

With great pleasure I notice in the December and January numbers of THE CRESSET articles by men not on the editorial staff: Alexander Smith (*Christmas*), Eric Malte (*Life* and *Look*). Hope you add to the list in forthcoming months.

Congratulations on Fort Peck in No. 3. It was the most professional job you have produced to date. This is also the opinion of journalism instructors here. The writer gave us a chance to make up our minds. He contented himself with presenting observations, colored though they were with his personality. More like it, please!

Whoever contributes the art work deserves a pat on the back, a shake of the hand and a couple more pages each month. Saved, bound, indexed—these pages will be a nucleus of Christian art worth having.

Thank you for a poet(ess) who does not "dash off a poem before breakfast." Continue her, despite the oft-heard complaint that "the lines don't rime."

Continue the color sequence in the cover. It is more distinctive than black or white, and makes the name of the magazine easier to read.

Why do you insist on a monthly purge of Catholicism? Better criticize a few Protestants, or even a few Lutheran traditions, before venturing to browbeat Rome, even though the subject always is good for a few lines.

It is all very well to say that moral indignation is out of style and should be brought back. But what reviewer can take it upon himself to say that a writer prints and writes realism, or filth (call it what you want), because "the writer had pleasure in what is sordid or putrid." (No. 3, p. 59) It is going a step too far in the direction of moral indignation to say that *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* can from a Christian point of view not be justified at all. (No. 3, p. 63) The question of realism, the distinction between ethics and esthetics, the problem of "good" reading is far too involved for such simplification.

MARTIN SCHMITT
Champaign, Illinois

In Defense of Barbers

SIR:

A few words about THE CRESSET. Tell your editorial associate when he starts writing about small towns and especially about small town barber shops, to be more sure of his subject. Unless that statement "in towns of a little less than 2000 population" is a misprint and should have been 200, he is all wrong. I come from a small town of 350 in which we have two barber shops and neither one needs any sidelines to make a living but depends solely upon the barbering for his existence. If you don't believe it, you should come here some Saturday when you can see both of them cutting as fast as they can from early morning to about one or two o'clock the next morning. Having also lived in other smaller towns of this size and a little larger, I am positive that your associate could have spoken only of an exception and not of the general rule by any means. For in a town of 990 there are as a rule from five to six barbers who carry on that trade and a town of nearly 2000 would have from six to ten barbers at least. But if he meant to say of a town of a little less than 200, then his description is correct. [*He did.*—ED.]

W. S. WENDT

Ottumwa, Iowa

Sixty Families Again

SIR:

The review of *America's 60 Families* seemed an effort to wrestle with a problem a bit too large, or even to avoid the "wrestling." While I cannot lay claim to more than a smattering of knowledge in this field, the fact that the reviewer does not find any fault with the host of "facts" makes me suspicious. A special pleader always makes some misstatements—just as we all do. Often a twist in some basic fact gives a wrong turn to the whole viewpoint.

The main argument is well known: 60 families (with 90 retainers) control 200 corporations, which is one half of the corporate wealth, which in turn is one half of the national wealth. So, on the average, each family controls less than one half per cent of total national wealth. Is this so very dangerous? Is the assumption correct that they work in concert? Dogmatic assertion does not make truth. Certainly much wrong is done with these enormous funds; but how about the other side? Since we live in a world whose God is the devil, what else can we expect? Apart from religion—is it more desirable to limit any one's holdings? This would lead to an academic discussion that would be fruitless.

Your reviewer says: "That there is an *unprecedented* concentration of wealth within our country, is no news." Many people swallow that. But is it not a fact that both China and India have many times more millionaires than the United States? Is not the world's biggest fortune in India?

A muckraker can and has ("The Profits of Religion") taken nearly every point used in this book and turned it against the Church. The same thing can be done with your review. "The lust for power?" How about a little two by four church trustee who can suddenly spend $10,000 or $20,000? etc.

We felt that the last two paragraphs of your review arrived at a fine application, which should include all men, by the wrong route.

"THE PROWLER"

Salem, Massachusetts

We Know It

SIR:

There will have to be a little more interrogation and a little less exhortation; a little more demonstration and a little less decoration; a little more investigation and a little less declaration, before, before—

well, before THE CRESSET will set Lake Michigan on fire.

THE COUNTRY PARSON

Indiana

Indignation

SIR:

Yes, keep "moral indignation" a genuine part of THE CRESSET. For what purpose is this "direct" and compact review edited, if not for the purpose of distinguishing between the wholesome and the not so wholesome floods of books? Something must be decidedly wrong with the Christian mind if it cannot take it.

Motion pictures today are as much a part of living as reading matter. In my opinion we need the crisp opinions of your clean-minded writers. We need a safe guide and a seeing eye. The movies are doing much to the molding of character in American children. To what are they being exposed?

VERNA PAPENFUS

Toledo, Ohio

SIR:

May I add my name to the long list who have written you concerning the favorable reception which is being accorded THE CRESSET everywhere? It is without doubt a magazine which fills a long-felt need in our circles. Particularly since all that THE CRESSET contains is so definitely Christian (not only with a Christian smattering), will its influence be felt more than you will ever know.

H. H. WIECHMANN

Ellensburg, Washington

Valuable Suggestions

SIR:

You've got something there. I'm not one to write letters of approval or protest except where these may be a constructive influence, but could not resist the urge to hand a bouquet to THE CRESSET staff. Not only do I read the magazine with much pleasure, a few chuckles, and an occasional outburst of laughter, but every issue is indexed.

At first I was disappointed at unsigned editorials and book reviews. When I quote, I prefer to quote the man and not the magazine for which he writes. However after reading your comments in the January issue I will drop that objection. Also the first book reviews impressed me as being too long, but now that seems to have been remedied. One question: Why does not every publisher's announcement of a book, as found above the reviews, list the number of pages in the book?

My opinion about a motion picture department is: Leave well enough alone; unless you could review about four outstanding pictures per month (if there are that many good ones), and tell why they can be recommended. I should like to call your attention to Ted Stump's article on "Motion Pictures" in the *Expositor* of December. I quote one sentence: "When an outstanding picture is released based on Christian concepts of morality and ethics, it should receive the strong support of the clergy and should be recommended to their members."

Please acquaint us further with Helen Myrtis Lange. We, the public, are interested in anyone who writes poetry like hers in THE CRESSET, and especially anyone who writes a book review like her Miss Millay's *Conversation at Midnight.*

JOHN L. HERZOG

Mart, Texas

What Is Kosher?

SIR:

Your editorial, "Panay From a Distance," asks the question: "What are American gunboats doing on the Yangtze?" and then goes on to remark, "There are no Japanese war vessels on the Mississippi." Was the writer nodding or just in

a hurry? Obviously the comparison is rather ill-chosen; the American gunboats are on the Yangtze, not on a Japanese river or in a Japanese port—no, not even on Manchukuo's Liao Ho. In that event the comparison would indeed be proper. The Japanese fully agree that our boats should be taken from the Yangtze. In fact they have given us a very broad hint: "We are the people; you scram!"

Furthermore, isn't your Washington Correspondent forgetting there is such a thing as propaganda when he quotes the *New York Times* on present conditions in Germany? This is not an attempt to justify Naziism; but isn't it well for a writer on current conditions in Naziland to ask himself whether the source might be "kosher" only in one sense but not in the other?

JOHN E. SIMON

Park City, Montana

★ ★ ★

Song for the Wind

Lonely wind,
Wind crying up the stairwell
Of a midnight sky,
The heart of me would hold you close
And still your sobbing
—But you are such a far lost thing,
And the heart so inadequate.
Lonely wind,
Wind crying up the stairwell
Of a midnight sky,
Take this little song to your loneliness.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

Contributors — Problems — Final Notes

THE major articles in this issue are contributed by William A. Drews, pastor at North Park Church, Buffalo, New York, and O. W. Linnemeier, pastor of the parish of St. Peter at North Judson, Indiana. Mr. Drews' examination of the contrast between two of the greatest minds which have appeared in the stream of human history is illuminating for our day. Mr. Linnemeier views the passing parade from the quiet vantage point of a country parsonage and says some things that needed saying.

In addition to the members of the staff our reviewers this month are R. Rohlfing, professor of Music and Bandmaster at Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois, Henry Rische, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Dunsmuir, California, Walter Kraemer, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church at Tracy, California, Ruth Seidel, Librarian in the Chemical Research Department of a Chicago meat packing house.

DUE to limitations of space the series of articles on the beginnings of modern literature has been postponed. Worthwhile contributions from unexpected sources have put space in THE CRESSET at a premium. We hope to publish this important series in the late spring and early summer.

The Editor's Lamp

FOR the first time our music critic turns his attention to the greatest musician of the Church Militant. We are certain that our readers will follow his fresh treatment of the *Matthaeuspassion* with deep interest. In connection with his column this month Mr. Hansen sends us Alfred Einstein's explanation of Bach's power: "So searching was his vision that his themes tell us unmistakably the conception he formed of the attributes of God the Father, of Christ as Lord, Redeemer and Victor, of the Devil as tempter, serpent and adversary. It is not that his imagination is a storehouse of ready-made motifs; rather is it the universe of a supreme creative power, crowded with the vital forms of his begetting." (*A Short History of Music.* Alfred A. Knopf, New York 1937.)

AN UNUSUAL array of books—some of them regretfully postponed for lack of space—will be reviewed in our May issue. Among them is Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia,* the tragic story of a happy conversion from Communism and a blistering view of Soviet Russia from the inside. Martin Niemoeller's collection of sermons *Here I Stand* will also be reviewed. Pastor Niemoeller has been let off with a fine of approximately eight hundred dollars, apparently a reluctant Nazi concession to the unmistakable pressure of world opinion. He is now in a concentration camp.

OUR managing editor reports that an increase of subscriptions during the spring and summer would be desirable in order to assure the further stability of THE CRESSET. Many of our subscribers are generously recommending the magazine to their friends, both within and without the Church. It has also become a very popular gift item. Since the budget for promotional purposes should be as small as possible, it is our hope that our readers will assist us in reaching the number of subscribers necessary to insure the financial stability of THE CRESSET.

★ ★ ★

Scott on Scott

The suggestion that authors might occasionally be allowed to review their own books is not altogether new, and it was actually tried by Sir Walter Scott. In the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1817, appeared a review of *Tales of My Landlord,* in which that work was severely handled, the reviewer complaining that "in these tales probability and perspecuity of narrative are sacrificed with the utmost indifference to a desire of producing effect. Against this slovenly indifference we have already remonstrated, and we again enter our protest." Lockhart attributed the article to Erskine, but it was included in the 1835 edition of Scott's collected works, and John Murray recorded that the manuscript was in Scott's own handwriting throughout.—*Manchester Guardian*

FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

RADIO'S ACCOUNT WITH RELIGION
STUDIES IN MODERN LITERATURE
INDIAN LEGENDS IN NEBRASKA
DETECTIVE STORIES
A LOOK AT SPAIN
THE CRESSET AND THE CINEMA
COMMUNISM AND FASCISM
WAR AND PEACE
THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER
A PREACHER LOOKS AT LIFE
THIS MOOD, THIS MUSIC

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

BRISBANE—A CANDID BIOGRAPHY ..... *Oliver Carlson*
THE TYRANNY OF WORDS ..... *Stuart Chase*
RFD ..... *Chas. A. Smart*
LETTERS TO PHILLIPPA ..... *Dorothea Brande*
MAN THE UNKOWN ..... *Alexis Carrel*
ULRICH VON HUTTEN AND THE GERMAN REFORMATION .... *Hajo Holborn*
AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF ART HISTORY .... *Frank J. Roos, Jr.*
THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM ..... *Thurman W. Arnold*
THE THIRD HOUR ..... *Geoffrey Household*
AN ARTIST IN AMERICA ..... *Thomas Benton*
RELIGION AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS ..... *Harris F. Rall*
BEYOND HORIZONS ..... *Lincoln Ellsworth*
PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT ..... *M. W. Fodor*
CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS ..... *Stefan Zweig*
THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY ..... *Glyndon G. Van Deusen*
WHAT MAN HAS MADE OF MAN ..... *Mortimer J. Adler*
THE CLASH ..... *Paul H. Andreen*
NAPOLEON ..... *Boris Sokoloff, M.D.*
ACTION AT AQUILA ..... *Hervey Allen*
RODIN ..... *Anne Leslie*
TRUMPETS CALLING ..... *Dora Aydelotte*